

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

Vol. X

AUGUST 1902

No. 1

COVER DESIGN BY H. G. Williamson.

FRONTISPICE—PHOTOGRAPH OF THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF P. A. B. WIDENER.

LUXURIES OF THE MILLIONAIRE Frank S. Arnett 3
 II—Country Houses.
 Illustrated from photographs.

THE LOCAL FOR LOWLANDS—SHORT STORY Allan P. Ames 15
 Illustration by E. D. Graves.

CONEY ISLAND Harvey Sutherland 21
 Illustrations by Phillip R. Fassett.

NAM-BOK, THE LIAR—SHORT STORY Jack London 29
 Illustrations by E. Hering.

ALUMINIUM George H. Perry 38

THE REDUCED GENTLEWOMAN Alice Katharine Fallows 44
 Illustrated from photographs

SAILING AROUND CAPE HORN Paul Eve Stevenson 54
 Illustration by M. J. Burns.

IN THE HEART OF SUMMER—POEM Clinton Scollard 57

WAR IN BEE-LAND—SHORT STORY Arthur E. McFarlane 58

A CAPABLE WOMAN—SHORT STORY Mary Livingston Burdick 62
 Illustrations by W. V. Cahill.

SHORT STORIES OF COMMERCE Cyrus C. Adams 69

CAMARADERIE—QUATRAIN Charlotte Becker 72

THE SUNDERING OF A MODERN DISCIPLE—SHORT STORY Holman F. Day 73
 Illustrations by Charles Grunwald.

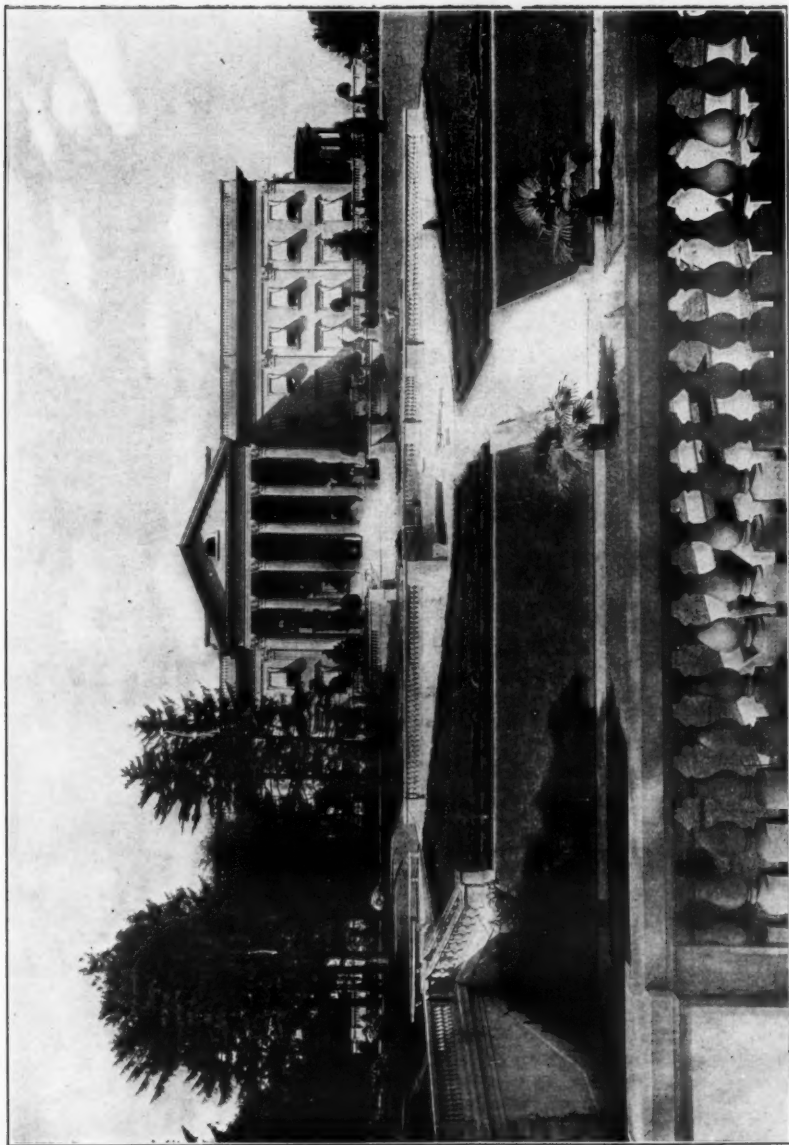
THE TRAINING SALLY WATERS GOT—SHORT STORY Harvey J. O'Higgins 82

MINERS OF THE SEA Sheldon Hancock 89
 Illustrated from photographs.

Copyright, 1902, by Street & Smith, 238 William St., New York. All rights reserved. Entered at New York Post Office as Second-class Matter.

PRICE, 10 CENTS A NUMBER; \$1.00 A YEAR.

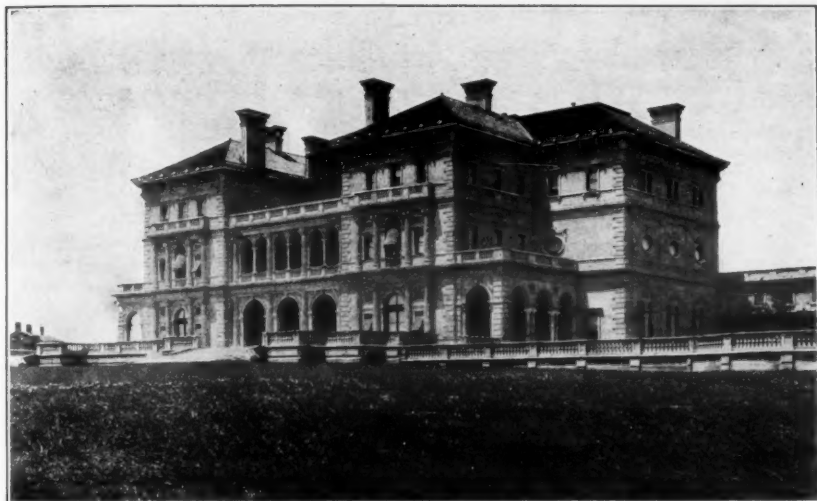
WARNING.—No agent or collector has authority to collect subscriptions in the name of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE. We make this statement on account of certain letters received from people who have been swindled by parties entirely unknown to us and for whom we cannot be responsible.



Courtesy Photo.

The Country House of P. A. B. Widener, at Ogontz, Pennsylvania.

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE



"The Breakers." The Vanderbilt Palace Cottage at Newport.

LUXURIES OF THE MILLIONAIRE

II—COUNTRY HOUSES

By FRANK S. ARNETT

Our world of to-day is puny indeed beside the antique world; our banquets are mean, niggardly, compared with the appalling sumptuousness of the Roman patricians and the princes of ancient Asia; their ordinary repasts would in these days be regarded as frenzied orgies; and a whole modern city would subsist for eight days upon the leavings of one supper given by Lucullus . . . With our miserable habits, we find it difficult to conceive of those enormous existences realizing everything imagination could devise. Our palaces are mere stables in which Caligula would not quarter his horse; the retinue of our wealthiest king is nothing compared with that of a petty satrap, or Roman proconsul . . . Man is no longer represented in the realization of his imperial fancy . . . the spectacle of the antique world is crushingly discouraging even to those imaginations which deem themselves exhaustless and those minds which fancy themselves to have conceived the utmost limits of fairy magnificence.

—One of *Cleopatra's Nights*.

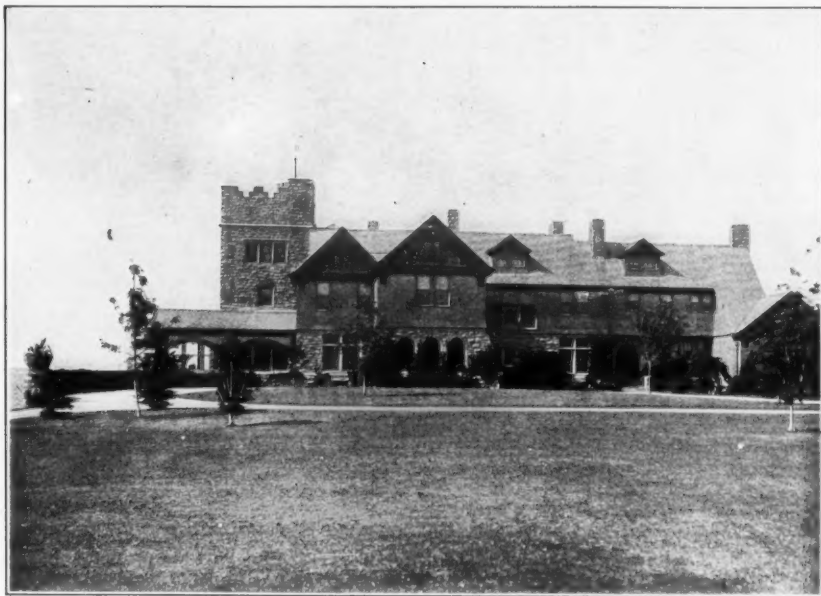
WITH a luxuriance of style that is the despair of his disciples, Gautier could give archaeologic value to a witch-tale of antique love; he could unswathe

the unsightly mummy of a once seductive queen, and again make kissable her long parched lips; with marvelous delicacy he could reincarnate into fantastic beauty and voluptuous charm the Egypt of her that "made the whole world's bale and bliss," but—he knew nothing of the American millionaire.

The truth is that the *menus* of the ancients, their banquet rooms into which armored men rode on horseback, their halls roofed solely by the sky, were monstrosities such as we have relegated to the sky-scraper region of business life; they did not represent nor were they even contemporaneous with a luxury one hundredth part as great, as costly, as overwhelming, as that with which, as a matter of course, our multimillionaires envelope themselves in their palatial homes. Lampreys, the brains of peacocks, the tongues of nightingales, these

beyond question would load their banquet boards if such once-thought dainties were still desired: but Americans do not insist that their eels shall be fattened upon human flesh, or that the boar shall be stuffed with living birds. We are no longer, like the

The form and fashion in luxury have changed, that is all, save only that it has so multiplied itself that a new word should be coined adequately to describe it; one falters at that now used, as representing a by-gone condition to-day little removed from actual



"Beech Bound." The Newport Cottage of Dr. A. S. Clarke.

luxurious of ancient Rome, attended at table by beautiful children whose hair we use as napkins; nor has it ever occurred to one of our hostesses to dissolve a pearl in her glass of wine. Also the music of the tympanum, the sambuke and the sistrum is now but seldom heard at dinner. Such things seem indicative of a stately and stupendous luxury when the worded picture is phrased in the fantasy of a Gautier. Nevertheless, we have learned to do without human flesh—as food; we prefer our birds cooked to a turn, not raw, though high, perhaps; we have lost the taste for the boar, although his namesake is still to be found at our most fashionable feasts; and, when, to add to the pleasures of a modest dancing party, we have Sousa's musicians on the lawn during dinner, Thomas' orchestra in the ballroom, and Paderewski at intervals at the piano, possibly we need not regret the absence of hand-beaten drums and their ancient musical companions.

want. Cagliostro could do no more than can our millionaires, nor the geni of the Arabian Nights. Only Cagliostro's credit at the banker's had a tinge of romance because none knew the origin of his wealth. There is no such mystery at Newport. Also Cagliostro has the advantage of eternal youth. This, too, is lacking at Newport or we should not have been entertained by the objection of certain women to the final "Sr." that has hitherto distinguished them from their daughters-in-law. As for the geni, they were forever, and successfully, muttering "presto!" or something of that sort, whereas American Aladdins have learned that money speaks louder than words.

Paul Bourget says that the evidence of wealth given by our luxurious summer cottages "revolts you or ravishes you as you are nearer to socialism or to snobbery." It is, in fact, comforting to recall that Holinshed, over three centuries ago, in his

"Chronicle of England," feelingly denounced the luxurious sinfulness of using chimneys when the smoke could just as well go out through a hole in the roof; and as far back as 1867 the late Mr. Godkin was forced to come to the defense of the much-abused American millionaire, in *The Nation*, and point out that, "In the Middle Ages night-shirts were looked upon as a silly piece of extravagance." Nevertheless, you might, at first blush, ask if to-day's lavish living, this at times seemingly culpable luxury, sounds anywhere a universally human note. It does indeed: Newport is merely the wealth-magnified—the wealth-grotesqued, if you really insist—blending of humanity's love of home and the American idea of hospitality.

What, pray, are the dreams of the unfortunate girl for whose future happiness no minister of the gospel has given a guarantee? What even of the depraved woman whose passion has at last centered on a single worthless and heartless scamp? Perhaps I do not do you justice—or do you too much in supposing that you know. Each dreams of a little place of her own—theirs, where at times they may be alone, at others receive their friends, where she may modestly, almost shyly, exhibit her tiny cook stove, and

her pots and pans. She may have worn diamonds before, and laces, and had, perhaps, through strategy and gold, a box at the opera; but now this three-room flat is dearer than all. And if this same idea, more innocent, if you will, but not more strong or tender, does not linger, welcomed, in the Newport cottage, it is because love has never entered there, or, as from the proverbial cottage, has flown out of the window.

And you, sir, have you forgotten the night when the girl that was to have been your wife sat with you at the library table long after the old folks had gone to bed, and drew designs of the house that was to have been; have you forgotten the kisses that divided every floor, nay, every room—quick, delightful, thoughtless little kisses, happily smothered in laughter at the sheer idiocy of the plans you'd traced on the paper? Have you forgotten how you and the other girl, who did become your wife, sat, more sedately perhaps but not less happily, and drew other designs? The momentous question of closets and butler's pantry—the butler of course was hopeless, but one could have the pantry; of just how the bathroom should be located so as to be most reachable from all the guest chambers; of that billiard room on



Dining Room in "The Cloisters." The Newport Cottage of James G. Woodward.

the second floor, whose pillared opening to an inner balcony was to be visible from the great hall below, with its great antlers and the quaint fireplace alight with sapphire-flaming logs, and the broad veranda, that must encircle the entire house, from *porte cochère* clear past the dining-room, with its wide, sun-beckoning windows, past even the cook's domain and back to the *porte cochère*? And how the architect said that it couldn't be done at all, or even brought within the ken of any but the fairies would cost exactly \$422,367 more than you could afford just at the moment. It was really more than you had anticipated, too, having been mentally unbalanced by articles on "Country Villas for \$1,233." Ah, me! the homes that never were built would house the population of London, and, although they have no more existence than childhood's castles in Spain, many an unlaid foundation crushes cruelly upon a woman's broken heart.

Well, it may seem odd, but some of the Newport cottages were conceived in much the same way as your own dream-house. I haven't a doubt that Cornelius Vanderbilt and his wife had the jolliest evenings possible when they talked over the new "Breakers" that was to rise from the ashes of the

old. And don't you suppose that while Foxhall Keene and his bride were in Europe they made delightful little guesses as to progress on the splendid place under construction on Long Island, and cabled over all sorts of absurd suggestions? Why, of course they did. At the present moment, too, the young Payne Whitneys, yachting somewhere around Norway, are chattering away to each other about the arrangement of rooms in that million-dollar home that Colonel Oliver Payne finally decided to give them in place of several pounds of candy as a wedding gift. Mansions or marshmallows, it's all one to an American uncle.

It is true that such people have the disadvantage of certainty, but the main idea is honestly and heartily there. All they have to do is to give the architect *carte blanche*, but don't imagine for a moment that the plans for the ballroom, the private theatre, or the massive dining-hall, were not lingered over with the same anticipations of hospitality that you had when you designed the little nook in the house that never was built, where the chafing dish and the bottled beer were to be supreme, and, just off it, another, where, some day, the books were to reach quite around the four walls. No, Newport



Salon, in "The Wayside." The Newport Cottage of Elisha Dyer, Jr.

is a show-place, and occasionally it is a circus, but it is never a menagerie. Its social leaders are human.

It is true that queer ideas are abroad in the land about these fortune-favored householders that lead in the modern life of lux-

tle I know about everything from "All Gaul is divided into three parts" to, "A fool there was and he made his prayer." Of course, I might save out Leigh Hunt and throw off one of the millions, but I could afford to do that.



"Rough Point." The Newport Cottage of Frederick W. Vanderbilt.

ury. One of our national inconsistencies is that we cease to laud the self-made man the moment he erects a house at Newport. The place he builds may not have the venerable air of England's baronial castles, and the poor fellow may lack the *je ne sais quoi* of the born aristocrat; but if an ancestor is such a rattling good thing as the genealogists say, why shouldn't a man be one himself if he wants to and can afford it? But, as a matter of fact, in the cause of truth as well as that of patriotism, it may be well to state that the majority of our millionaires do not order their books by the yard or the ton. Many know how to read; several can even write. Only a few are now first commencing to spend their hard-earned dollars. Not that it would make any particular difference to you or me if they were; only it just happens that they aren't. Most of them found the dollars waiting for them at their earthly debut. Some of the money was not entirely thrown away at Harvard, Yale or Princeton. Not, however, that intelligence is absolutely necessary at Newport, and, confidentially, I might be tempted to exchange for a few millions what precious lit-

It is not to be denied that a certain set of cottagers at Newport look upon the good townspeople as worth not half the consideration given their pedigreed puppies. But such people do not monopolize Newport, and while the splendid houses, even of the most cultured, are built to a large extent for display, this is pardonably human. Doubtless you remember how the dear little mother found one servant sufficient the years round, save only when Aunt Anna came on for the usual two weeks' visit and then how another "girl" was found imperative? Not that she was, but here the universal desire to impress by an extra touch of lavishness showed even in the least snobbish of women. And you, madame, can you deny that you sometimes levy tribute on all the fineries of the other rooms in order to beautify one in which you are to receive an expected guest—at the risk of her sometime coming unexpectedly and discovering the deception?

Nevertheless, although Washington remains the Capital and New York the Metropolis, Newport stands alone as the Holy City of Mammon. Here are the temples of the Golden Calf, here is the seat of government

of our oligarchy of luxury. Here nothing that is material is old. Hence we have the mortification of possessing an aristocracy that has no family ghosts. To make amends for this we have a family skeleton or two. Sedate they are, however, and well-closeted, the sound of rattling bones not penetrating through portières of cloth of gold.

Of the exterior architecture of these temples little need be said. Often it is cold and

on every hand . . . Lines of fire, bands of sparkling light, outlined all the projections of the architecture; the eyes of sphinxes flamed with phosphoric lightnings, the bull-headed idols breathed flame; the elephants, in lieu of perfumed water, spouted aloft bright columns of crimson fire; arms of bronze, each bearing a torch, started from the walls; and blazing aigrettes bloomed in the sculptured hearts of the lotos flowers. Huge blue flames palpitated in tripods of brass; giant candelabra shook their disheveled light in the midst of ardent vapors; everything sparkled, glittered, burned.

Is there anything here that hints of lux-



"Rockhurst." The Newport Cottage of H. Mortimer Brooks.

uninviting; not infrequently, if not in absolutely bad taste, it is at least incongruous and inartistic; seldom indeed does it meet Ruskin's exquisite definition of architecture in his "The True and the Beautiful"—"the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them contributes to his mental health, power and pleasure." But, that you may appreciate the interiors of these houses and fully grasp the opulence of American luxury, I must ask you to glance at Gautier's description of the banquet hall of Cleopatra on a gala night:

Monstrous columns—short, thick and solid enough to sustain the pole itself—heavily expanded their broad swelling shafts upon socles variegated with hieroglyphics, and sustained upon their bulging capitals gigantic arcades of granite rising by successive tiers, like vast stairways reversed. Between each two pillars a colossal sphinx of basalt . . . and . . . bull-headed idols . . . were seated upon thrones of stone . . . A third story . . . with elephants of bronze spouting perfume from their trunks—crowned the edifice . . . Prodigious stairways of porphyry . . . ascended and descended

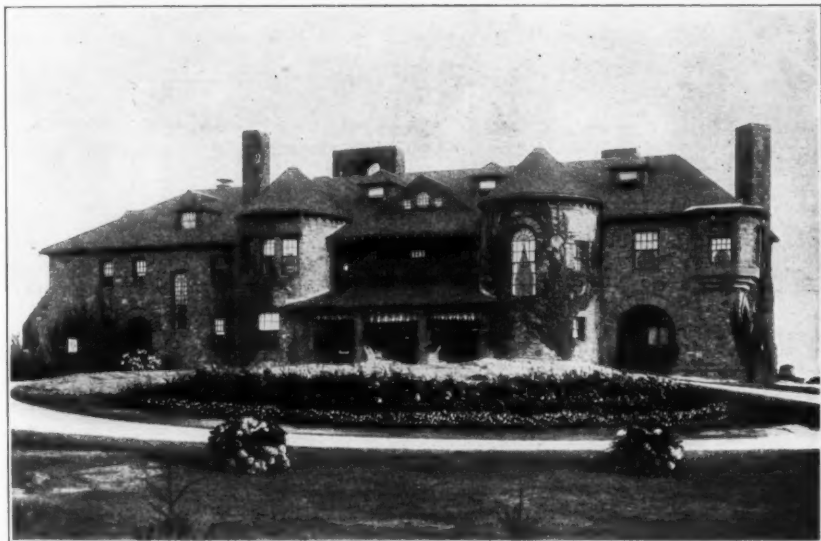
ury?—or, if there is, does it not seem luxurious solely because of the coloring the artist has given his picture of that which is really colossal magnificence? The mere elephantianism of the ancients is realized when we replace one of Cleopatra's nights by one of Newport's.

Through the host of glorious elms and oaks, proud with all the limbed and leafened grandeur of some ducal domain, the winding paths, on a certain house-warming night at this city of splendor, were marked by thousands of electric lamps, their tiny bulbs of light enclosed in delicate traceries of wrought iron or of hand-chiseled brass; in the magnificent riot of the Callian garden, other lamps, russet-hued, softly illumined the colonnade, from which depended full-bloomed and bitter-sweet scenting vines of hops; and electric lights like diamond dewdrops sparkled on leaves and flowers, encircling, outlining and revealing the rare beauty of the lily ponds. Midway in the sweep of vel-

vet lawn, a giant tent formed solely by bewilderingly net-worked massings of crimson lights; and its center a huge yet queenly palm, its graceful branches bending with their weight of white flowered loveliness. Electric flashings darted from every point and danced in and out among groupings of palms, orchids and hydrangeas on the broad white marble terraces of the villa. Elsewhere on the lawn in a brilliantly lighted and flower-strewn marquee, two hundred guests sat at supper, served on dishes of solid gold, the most famed wines of Spain and France sparkling with prismatic changings in priceless glass of exquisite delicacy. Inside the villa, where beautiful flowers seemed with magic life to grow from out the crystalized depths of giant mirrors set in marble walls, at tables that blushed and paled with their riches of red and white roses, two hundred others supped, while

at tables of gold-mounted onyx, at inner-illuminated and giant-statured jardinières of porcelain, or at bits of furniture from palaces in France, and from Spanish and English castles; sideboards of marble and bronze, bookcases ornamented with pure gold, or tapestries three centuries old, duplicates of those still hanging in the royal residence at Madrid—they ascended the cast-bronze railed marble stairway, its carpets and hangings of gold-embroidered velvet, or were noiselessly, swiftly borne aloft in richly cushioned elevators to a gallery of art filled with noble examples of the great masters, to rooms where paintings from Italian palaces formed the ceilings, and to guest chambers in which were couches on which a race of monarchs once reposed.

This is no fancy of the imagination; it is not a composite picture of luxury; the affair and the house were not even those of an



"Roslyn." The Newport Cottage of William Grosvenor.

from the hiding of rose trees growing in great vases of pure gold came the music of a gipsy orchestra alternating with the distant inspiring sound of a military band stationed among the stately elms.

Following the cotillion, a fortune lavished on its favors, beautiful women whose jewels rivaled in their flashings the fire and flame of the gorgeous illuminations, were shown through the house, peeping here and there

Astor or a Vanderbilt. The description is merely that of an ordinary Newport function, the unpretentious occasion upon which their new cottage was given a hospitable housewarming by Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Berwind, whose residence, magnificent although it is, is far from the most costly. Shall I take you in flight, like Old Scrooge, although not, like him, to gaze upon the miserable and the starving, but over New-

port to the Berkshires, back along the Hudson and so to the country palaces of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, entering each for the fraction of a second for a peep at the splendors within?—glancing at the bas-reliefs carved from the Numidian marble

rising sixty-five feet to the roof, the drawing-room fifty feet square, and the dining-room even larger. Yet, so perfectly has wealth been used to aid art and beauty that this immensity is not oppressive. There are interiors at Newport that reek with money,



Salon, in "By the Sea." The Newport Cottage of Hon. Perry Belmont.

that completely walls Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's dining-room; taking, unawed by the vast riches, a little dancing step on the floor of Frederick Vanderbilt's great ballroom, its ceiling the far above roof of the mansion itself; loitering briefly in the picturesque loggia-galleried Spanish court enclosed by O. H. P. Belmont's villa; wandering amid the riot of color in silk-covered walls and Venetian-drapered and marble-pillared interior balconies at Georgian Court—but, no, even luxury may pall. And yet you must have a glimpse of "The Breakers."

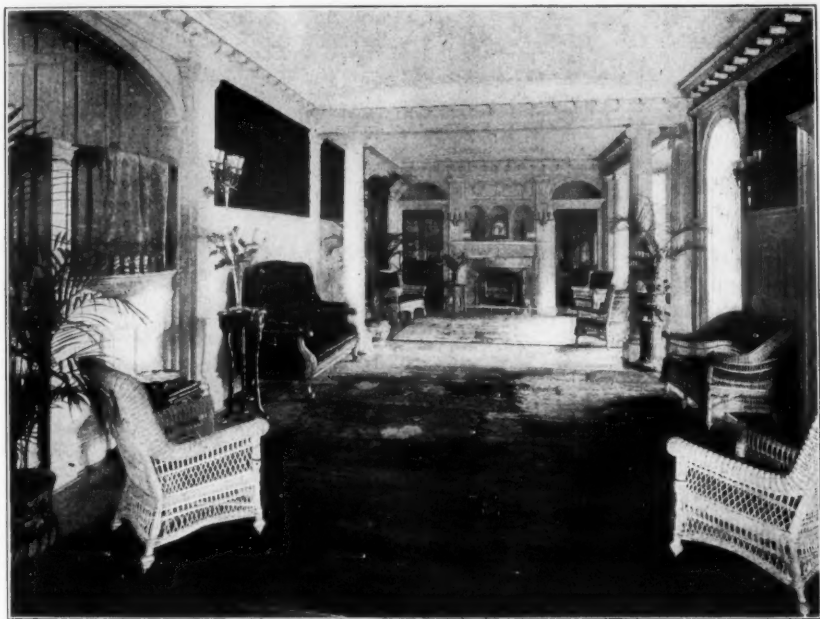
This Vanderbilt cottage is a Roman palace; even the recessed entrance gates, each weighing three and one-half tons and spanned by a monogrammed arch, impress you with the splendor of the place. The porter's lodge, just beyond, has walls ornamented with onyx medallions. Inside the house itself there is immensity, the spacious hall

each chair, and table, and picture, shrieking its price as though ticketed in glaring red—an unnecessary shriek, your host probably having already mentioned the figure. There is none of this at "The Breakers," built though it was for America's most numerous ciphered millionaire. The carved Cæn stone-walled hall, with its army of bronze figures holding aloft electric lamps; the library, where a man may stand upright within the massive marble-mantled fireplace; here a ceiling whose alabaster-framed mosaic pictures an antique bath; there a wall of green exquisite marble, almost sinful to cover even with the rarest tapestries; a stairway as imposing as that of the Opera at Paris; a dining-room, in sheer magnificence, outrivalling that of any palace in Europe—the thought of cost is secondary as one looks about on this magnificence.

But, after all, the rooms of state at New-

port are only the colossal reincarnation of the ghastly "parlors" of our New England foremothers. And so, from this apotheosis of luxury, from marble halls and ballrooms that at most times are cold and desolate, one turns with a sigh of relief to the real

Just as the care-free and comfortable country club has supplanted the horrors, the miserable affectations, and the positive discomforts of those summer hotels where, as children, dragged thither by deluded parents, who, like all Americans of that



Hall, in the Newport Cottage of James Stillman.

country houses where luxurious comfort, rather than luxury, is deified; where are blazing logs and exposed rafters, easily-climbed and richly wooded stairways, great lounging rooms and cozy dens and libraries; where one may smoke and play billiards or have the pick of the stable; where a dozen home-like guest and bachelor rooms prove the hospitality of the owner; and where an entire floor at a touch becomes a single vast and log-lit hall, in which the tuning violins give promise of the evening's jollity. On Long Island, Foxhall Keene has such a home. And, too, the Gould's Georgian Court, at Lakewood, despite its grandeur, is prepared for hearty and unique entertainment, a perfectly-equipped theatre over the Renaissance stables, and, a quarter of a mile away through the splendid estate, a great casino, its track as large as that in Madison Square Garden, its forty guest chambers testifying to princely plans for generous pleasure.

day, knew not how to play nor how to enjoy, we have all been cramped, and tearfully wretched, and much dressed up—so the country home is becoming in reality a country club to the special and congenial friends of the owners. Their guests, filling the house, have the club's freedom of action—a secret of successful entertainment we were long in learning from our more leisurely and more experienced cousins of England. The country homes and the country clubs have taught us the fallacy of combining business with pleasure, a black art alchemy of which once we were proud. Now we know how much more sensible and delightful is the combination of pleasure and health.

Something of this phase of wealth is found also at the estates along the Hudson. From them has passed, it is true, the royal and romantic power of the days when each manor house overlooked two and three hundred square miles of private domain, when the

patroon's personal flag floated from its walls, when his own cannon defended the place, or announced in joyful booming the birth of an heir, and when the manor's lord acknowledged no one above him in all the world save the States-General of Holland. The old time region of the Hudson was familiar with a feudal splendor that even then in luxury outshone the castles of those haughty barons that forced the Magna Charta from King John.

These old Dutch lords could afford flags and cannon; as a rule, they had but one house to keep up. But nowadays just as, for a time, the progressive dinner was a fashionable fad in New York, driving from one smart restaurant to another and taking a single course at each, starting at Sherry's with the cocktail, the blue points, and a dry sauterne, a soup and a bit of madeira at Delmonico's, fish and a Spanish manzanilla at the Holland, the Waldorf-Astoria for a rich *amontillado* with the terrapin, birds of some sort and the champagne and sweets topping it off wherever fancy pleased—so now there is the far more sensible idea of a series of homes, the great town house for the brief winter social season, the Meadowbrook region for that of the hunt, the cottage at Newport for a part of the summer, and possibly a vast North Carolina estate and a place in Florida to be used whenever caprice commands. For the social leader in national politics there is also the residence at the capital, and international marriages have made houses owned or leased by Americans not uncommon in London, Paris and one or two cities of Italy. Many a millionaire has five or six residences in various parts of the country, each a palace, all furnished with practically equal splendor and utter disregard of cost.

Cost! What a disagreeable sounding word that is. Here have I been sumptuously winning and dining you, putting you up at the best country clubs, and entertaining you at the most swagger social functions—never once remembering that some one must pay the bills. Well, what does it all cost?—these stately city residences, the country palaces, this regal revel in wealth-scattering hospitality and display. To give an answer in the form of an itemized account is a difficult matter. I shall not, for instance, ask Mrs. Astor the expense of running her kitchen, nor, as long as reason maintains its throne, her chef. As to the cost of servants—

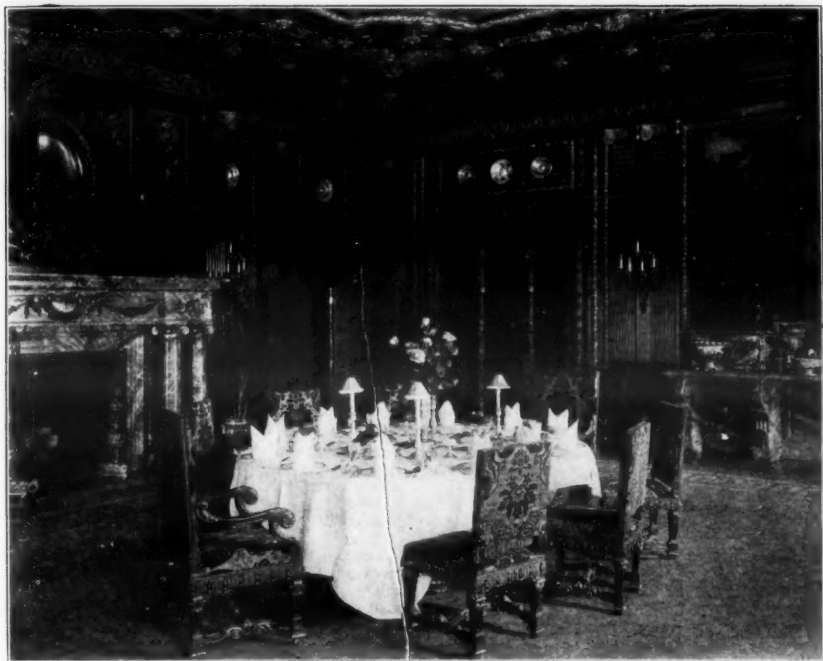
Well, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont pays her

steward \$10,000 a-year. Perhaps that detail is sufficiently harrowing to permit the subject to be dropped.

And yet you cannot overlook the cost of kitchen architecture and furniture in case you are determined to enter the lists in the combat for social recognition. Henry the Seventh would have been satisfied to hold his coronation banquet in the kitchen of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, with its mosaic floor, white porcelain walls, and arched Moorish ceiling; the tables massively tipped with marble, the dainty writing desk of the cook fitted with cut-glass accessories, Smyrna rugs covering the laundry floors, and great leather chairs inviting the servants to rest in the scullery.

The nursery, too, once a chamber of such horrors as rag dolls, squeaking cribs, and the whack of the spanker-in-ordinary, can no longer be disregarded in any estimate of luxury and its cost. Our pudgy young friends now have entire and separate apartments of their own, drawing-room, nursery, and bath, the latter's tub of sterling silver. They have their private carriages and trusted horses, safety deposit vaults for their necklaces and rings, bank accounts before they are out of long clothes. They have their own days when they are "at home," and individual visiting cards and stationery. I have read of babies whose social duties required even the services of private secretaries.

Dinners are heavy items in the annual expenditures of society leaders. Oh, yes, I know all about that \$300,000 spread of Lucullus, and the feast given by an eighteen-year-old Emperor of Rome at which a single dish cost \$200,000. Talk about one's salad days! Could that young spendthrift's two hundred thousand have gone for a salad? And I happen to know, too, that when Cleopatra made her famous grandstand play with a \$40,000 pearl, she was only imitating *Æsopus*, the son of an actor. But, between ourselves, these tales sound something of the purple fairy book, and even if they're true, pray don't forget that at that time oysters, for instance, were \$5 each, and that to-day they are a penny. There have been scores of New York dinners costing \$100 a plate, although \$35 is a liberal expenditure. "Larry" Jerome, father of the D'Artagnan of the Low campaign, gave one, however, at which each of his guests cost him \$800, and there have been not a few where \$1,000 per cover was the expense. But probably Mrs. Berwind's house-warming



Cooper photo.

Dining Room in the Country House of P. A. B. Widener, at Ogontz, Pennsylvania.

supper and the buffet lunch after the cotillion permitted the hostess thus to refresh her four hundred guests at a cost not greater than \$4,000. Of course, certain wines are almost beyond price, and hothouse roses are worth \$12.00 a dozen; so that if you have four hundred connoisseurs in matters of vintage, and, although without a conservatory of your own, insist upon massing your rooms with roses at the wrong time of year, you can easily make the next-day bills of the Roman gourmands resemble a certain even number of our smallest coin.

Balls, also, are uncertain affairs. You cannot find them ready made or warranted not to rip at the financial seams, as perhaps you could in Ward McAllister's day. There are incidental expenses of the most unexpected sort. For instance, some years ago a member of the Stevens family gave one at their Hoboken castle, and it was found necessary to engage a military company to drill all day in the ballroom that the floor might be put in proper condition for dancing. The great subscription balls will average a cost of about \$15,000, and similar

functions on an elaborate scale at private houses should be given for something less than that sum.

It is said that Mrs. Arthur S. Proal furnished her nine-room apartment in the Sherry Building, New York, at a cost of \$40,000, wall Gobelins, tapestried upholstery and all. This would indicate at least respectability, but it seems hardly that when one recalls the single room costing \$400,000 in the New York residence of Henry G. Marquand. Another of its rooms was specially designed by Alma Tadema, who planned also its \$25,000 piano, while the wooden ceiling frames pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton. The mere balustrades of the main staircase cost \$20,000.

When one is confronted with such details, or looks at the mantel at "The Breakers" formed by \$75,000 in marble brought from Pompeii; when one learns that thousands of dollars are represented in each entrance door of the Widener summer home; that George Gould's wrought-iron stairway is plated with pure gold; that the Elkins' drawing-room, ceiling, floor, walls, furnish-

ings and all, was built to order in France and imported bodily; that in a score of country houses the enclosing fences and gates, even the locks and hinges on ordinary doors, were designed by famous artists; when an almost priceless Botticelli is smuggled out of Rome and, after almost a scandal in Italy, is exhibited in Pall Mall, London, "by kind permission" of Mrs. Jack Gardner, of Boston; when the most widely known picture of the day, the stolen "Duchess of Devonshire," is captured by Pierpont Morgan; when our book collectors think nothing of many thousands spent on a single rare volume; when an American citizen will outbid a town corporation in the matter of a bit of artistic iron from the town's own historic cathedral, or go higher than even a European government for one of the world's richest collections of jewels; when Italy has adopted laws to prevent our millionaires from securing the remainder of her antique works of art, and when France, similarly ravished, is agitating the same legislation—some idea may be gained of the treasures that crowd our republican palaces, of how all but impossible it is to estimate their value, and of why it is that even their owners scarcely know what their homes, their furnishings and collections have cost them.

But, when all else is said and done, even the most envious or aggrieved may take comfort from the fact that American luxury is not to last forever. Rome knew something of it, and Rome to-day is luxuriant

only in its ruins; Egypt, too, or at least that Egyptian Queen who killed "in mid-kingdom with a kiss" the sovereign of the world's desire, and to-day the land's most treasured ruins are engulfed by an Anglo-Saxon dam. In the interval between the barbaric and soulless splendor of Cleopatra and the steam-heated gorgeousness of King Edward's accession, there have been periods when even royalty was but rudely clothed and housed; and when wealth could purchase the right to be cruel, to be self-indulgent, to be caressed by loveliness heart-broken, but could not purchase material luxury, simply because it did not exist. Two thousand years hence a New Zealand Gautier, distantly related to Macaulay's traveler from that land, may stand on the crumbling marbles at Ochre Point and write:

Our world of to-day is puny indeed beside the antique world of America; our banquets are mean, niggardly, compared with the appalling sumptuousness of Newport patricians and the millionaires of New York; their ordinary repasts would in these days be regarded as frenzied orgies; and a whole modern city could subsist for eight days upon the leavings of one supper given by Pierpont Morgan . . . With our miserable habits, we find it difficult to conceive of those enormous existences realizing everything that imagination could devise. Our palaces are mere stables in which W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. would not quarter his automobile; the retinue of our wealthiest king is as nothing compared with that of a Belmont or a Goelet . . . Man is no longer represented in the realization of his imperial fancy . . . The spectacle of American wealth is crushingly discouraging even to those imaginations which deem themselves exhaustless and those minds which fancy themselves to have conceived the utmost limits of fairy magnificence.



Didwell photo.

Country House of E. D. Morgan, Wheatley Hills, Long Island.

THE LOCAL FOR LOWLANDS

BY ALLAN P. AMES

COLTER fought his way out of the crowded waiting-room and stepped briskly down the long, covered platform. The atmosphere was heavy with vapors, and his ears were assailed by the hiss of escaping steam, the clank of axle-boxes, the slamming of trunks, and the congress of noises that stir the senses and quicken the imagination in a great railway station. He was smiling because he anticipated pleasure, and hurrying because he disliked to miss a minute of it.

"Can you tell me where the Northeastern Limited comes in?" he asked a uniformed employee.

"Track five—over there," directed the man. "It's due now."

"There is a through car for Lowlands attached, isn't there?"

"Yes; it is taken off here and coupled to the Local that leaves at one-thirty."

"One-thirty," thought Colter, glancing at his watch as he hastened on. "That will give me just seventeen minutes if the Limited is on time."

"Hello, Colter," said somebody. "Going away?"

"No; only meeting a friend," he replied, quickly, and then wished he hadn't, for on turning, he found himself face to face with Wooster Brown.

"So am——" began the other and stopped, for walking along together both had turned into the platform bordering track five. "Well arranged station," he concluded.

"Very," said Colter, absently, gazing anxiously into the perspective of shining, empty rails. The Limited was late. It was not until he had assured himself of this by again consulting his watch that he observed Wooster to be followed by a boy in the green and gold livery of a prominent florist who carried a slender box of familiar pattern.

"American Beauties!" concluded Douglas Colter, as he studied the situation, "American Beauties, and—— By jove!" Automatically he whipped out his watch a third time. "Too late; the train may pull in any minute. Well, she's not the kind of a girl to be biased by a bunch of flowers. Lord knows,

I'd have brought a wagonload if I had thought it would do any good."

"What the deuce is he doing here?" was the reflection of Wooster Brown. "Wonder if he knows she's coming through on the Northeastern? Confound him, he'll spoil everything!"

For the moment each was spared the other's ill-wishes; a shrill whistle and the clanging of a bell announced the approach of a new train, and with plate-glass windows flashing in the sunlight the Limited wound a sinuous length into view around the curve.

"If her car is to be transferred it will probably be last," reasoned Colter; and Brown must have reached a similar conclusion, for he also hurried toward the advancing locomotive. Colter had the start, but in his eagerness he overshot the mark and forced to turn and pursue the still moving train, reached the rear platform of the Simla just as the other mounted the steps at the opposite end.

And thus it came about that the girl who occupied the revolving chair in the center of the car caught sight of them almost simultaneously. She was very nice to look at, fresh and trim in spite of a morning's dusty travel, and it was pleasant to be greeted so cordially by her.

"How glad I am to see you both," she cried, rising and extending a hand to each. "I had expected to spend a dreary quarter of an hour in this bedlam of a station waiting for them to transfer me."

Somewhat inadequately expressing their corresponding delight, the young men secured positions of advantage; Wooster in the nearest chair beside her and Douglas just across the aisle. But after the first glow of meeting the conversation did not proceed as briskly as it might have moved. A month recently spent at the country place of a common hostess should have furnished topics enough, but the realization of so much to say and the short time allotted for saying it was in itself paralyzing to the faculties. And then at two points of the triangle, at least, there was another reason. At the end of five minutes Colter and Brown



"As he said good-by, Colter looked hopefully for some little sign, some peg on which to hang the weakest hope. . . ."

had lost most of their enthusiasm and even Miss Van Dever felt that she was forcing herself to say things. She was striving to lead up to a certain announcement, but in the end found herself bringing it out abruptly in one of the pauses.

"I am particularly glad that you came down to see me," said she, smiling impartially upon both auditors, "because father has at last determined to take that trip to Japan, and we sail Monday to be gone two years."

Two years! Colter wondered if he had groaned aloud. Five minutes more and then two years—and Wooster Brown planted in the opposite chair! Oh, to be rid of him, if only for a moment! If Brown cherished any such wish he had himself in better command, and from that time on was by far the more agreeable companion.

While they talked, the Simla had been uncoupled and shunted and buffeted about until now it stood attached to the Local for Lowlands. The locomotive gave a sharp toot and a preliminary tug that vibrated through the length of the train. "All aboard!" shouted a voice on the platform. With a strange feeling of inadequacy and helplessness, Colter got on his feet expecting Brown to follow. Brown kept his seat and plunged deeper into the conversation. The engine gave a grating puff and the car began to glide forward. Colter extended his hand for a parting clasp. Brown never stirred and Miss Van Dever, absorbed in what he was saying, apparently was unaware that Colter stood waiting to say good-by. So Colter waited.

The train was rolling out of the yard when Wooster leaped to his feet. "Good gracious!" exclaimed he, "we're moving, we'll be carried off!"

"Why, so we are!" cried Douglas. "Hurry, Wooster, or we'll be locked in."

"Too late," replied the other, glancing through the window past which the buildings were flying now at a lively rate. "I can't risk a jump with that weak ankle of mine. Perhaps you can make it."

Douglas feared that he couldn't. "I'm afraid of straining my game knee," was the reason he gave. "Too bad, Miss Van Dever, but you'll have to endure us as far as the next station."

Miss Van Dever wondered whether men out of college still played football, but all she said was, "I'll do the best I can to console you for being carried off, and I hope you won't be cross."

"How could we?" they exclaimed, with automatic gallantry.

Under the circumstances, how could it be a cheerful journey for all three. Miss Van Dever was gay enough—in fact, her spirits seemed to rise as those of her companions declined, and if she suspected the purposes forming in their minds she gave no hint. Bitterly did Colter repent the wasted opportunities of the month when they saw each other every day. The thought that this was to be their last meeting for two years drove him desperate. No sooner had he known it than something which before had been only a pleasant eventuality had burst into tremendous certainty. How could he talk commonplace when his lips were struggling to frame words the situation forced him to suppress?

As for the mental state of Wooster Brown—he was an untrammelled and comfortably wealthy young bachelor who had been equally favored by Miss Van Dever during their recent intimacy, and he had heard all that she had just said—which information is sufficient for those who know what she is.

And so the Simla, dragged on toward the coast over hills and valleys and through forests and farms, became so electrically charged with expectation and latent purpose that the telegraph wires along the route must have experienced serious interference. But they were soon to know all about it.

By the time the train began to slow for the first stop Wooster Brown had reached an important decision, the second one since the journey began. To act upon it he would be forced to leave his rival in brief possession of the field, but under such personally arranged circumstances that he felt safe in taking the risk. So he beckoned to the porter and whispered into his chocolate-colored ear. The man departed and returned, just as the train stopped, with the long box whose temporary disappearance had puzzled Colter not a little. Placing it in the girl's lap, Brown arose, and hardly waiting to receive her thanks and express a hasty good-by, walked out of the car, leaving his rival in utter bewilderment.

"But perhaps he thinks I'll be bluffed out by his flowers," reflected Colter. "What are roses compared to a live man with irresistible resolve in his breast?"

But his resolution was not so irresistible as to insist upon being executed at once. It was a long way to Lowlands, and with Brown out of the way there was no particu-

lar need of precipitation. For his failure to accept the chance of getting back home he offered no explanation, and the girl sought none; yet as she buried her face in the pink petals she was wondering if he intended to stay, and whether Brown's abrupt departure betokened an acknowledgment of defeat. If such was the belief of the one who remained, let him beware how he assumed an easy victory. It was her nature to side with the under dog. There was mute pathos in Wooster's farewell offering and meek surrender. After all, he was quite as good looking as Douglas and cleverer, certainly—perhaps she meant sharper.

Again there was a slamming of doors and the train heaved ahead. Colter had changed to the seat across the aisle and began talking with strange earnestness. With deliberate purpose, he led the conversation back to the month when they had been so much together and to one evening in particular when the moon made the lake one great mirror, upon which their canoe was the single flaw.

Yes, she remembered. How could any one forget such a night? One of the roses dropped unnoticed to the floor.

And did she remember the song she had sung, and how he asked her if she meant it?

Yes; now that he spoke of it, she remembered.

She refused to answer then; perhaps she would now. Did she mean it?

"Why, Mr. Brown, I thought you were gone. Have you been carried off again?"

Wheeling about, to his unspeakable chagrin, Colter beheld his rival standing behind him, his face wreathed in apologetic smiles.

"I intended to," he explained; "but when I found that I could not get a train for three hours I decided that to go on with you—with you and Douglas—and catch it at Lowlands would be pleasanter than waiting all that time in a lonesome country station."

"That's good," said Miss Van Dever. "You left in such a hurry that I didn't have half time to thank you for these flowers. Now we can have a merry party all the way home; for Mr. Colter has business in Lowlands and is going all the way, too."

Colter gasped and immediately became cheerful, and as Brown seemed to have cause for particularly high spirits the next half hour was more spontaneously gay than the previous part of the journey.

For Colter, however, this state of things lasted only as far as the next station. What put a stop to it was a small piece of yellow

paper with the words, "Western Union Telegraph Company," printed across the top and the following message beneath:

Gould here—must see you at once—important.

RAYMORE.

Raymore was Colter's law partner, and Gould his best client.

Here was luck at its worst! He read the message aloud and as though in a trance heard Brown's polite expressions of regret and the girl's impulsive, "Oh, how sorry I am!" Was there ever another such dilemma? He knew Raymore for a sober fellow who would not have wired in such terms without urgent need. If he obeyed the call there would be Brown with all the priceless advantage to be had from the rest of the journey free from the embarrassment of a third person. Confound him, anyway! Why hadn't his return been delayed a moment longer? Then she would have known his own intentions. As things were, he wasn't sure whether she knew or not.

Then he remembered something that filled him with joy. "Too bad," he said, with repressed exultation, "but as there's no train for nearly two hours, I won't lose any time by going as far as Lowlands."

His joy died almost as soon as it was born; for Brown hastened to reply:

"But there's the trolley. I didn't dare take it because it makes me sick; but if you'll walk about half a mile east from the railroad you can find a car every fifteen minutes that will get you back to the city nearly as fast as these crawling locals."

And so there was no help for it. As he said good-by, Colter looked hopefully for some little sign, some peg on which to hang the weakest hope, but not even the double X-ray power of two pairs of lovers' eyes could detect anything unusual in the girl's manner. She was sorry, of course, but then there are times when one man is preferable to two.

At the end of fifteen minutes' fast walking Douglas began to wonder whether Wooster was correctly informed concerning the location of the trolley line. Five minutes later, and seeing no sign of poles, wires or tracks on the level plain open to his view he felt that something was wrong and sought information of the first person he met.

"Trolley?" said the man. "Ye mean electric cars? There ain't none of them round here—nothin' but steam cars."

"Are you sure?" asked Colter, unwilling

to accept the suspicion that leaped into his mind.

"Certain sure. Ye don't s'pose I'd live 'round here fer thirty years and not know 'bout electric cars being here?"

The man passed on, leaving Colter standing in the path. To think more clearly, he seated himself on the convenient stone wall. One doubt bred another, and presently he pulled out the telegram, the cause of all his discomfiture. Strange, now that he thought of it, that Raymore knew he was on the train for Lowlands. He had had no intention of taking the journey and could not believe that any one had reported his departure. Who, then, could have sent the telegram? Then he read the message over for the fourth time and discovered an important feature that unaccountably had escaped notice before. The date line contained the name of Fowler. Fowler was the last station back; and what could Raymore be doing there? And why had Brown left the train at that point? The inference was plain, yet Colter was unwilling to condemn his friend without one more proof. To obtain this he walked rapidly back to the station, and dispatched the following message to his partner:

Did you just wire that Gould wanted to see me on important business? Answer quick. COLTER.

"Rush this, please," he said to the operator, "and call me as soon as the answer arrives; I'll be right outside."

His offices were close to the telegraph company's and Raymore was always prompt; so Colter had only lighted his second cigar when the operator appeared with the reply. It was laconic but satisfactory. Raymore had telegraphed:

No. And what in thunder are you doing in Higby?

"He'll find out some day," declared Colter to himself; "but Wooster Brown will know at once."

There was only one chance left, and that might disappear at any moment. Probably Brown had carried out all his intentions by this time. Colter knew what they were as well as if they had been his own—in fact, to a certain extent they were his own. Yet, assured of his rival's absence and the long ride before they reached Lowlands, Brown might delay and undertake to work up to a climax in deliberate and artistic manner. Nearly an hour was gone already. Colter consulted the time-table, and apparently satisfied with what he saw, stepped to the

window of the telegraph booth and sent a second message.

Wooster Brown was one of those who believe thoroughly in the oft-quoted and too-often-upheld maxim, "All's fair in love and war." At the moment when the operator at Higby was tapping out the letters of Colter's message, he was rejoicing in the self-gratulation that followed the success of his recent stratagem. Presently he intended to tell Miss Van Dever about it and enjoy the exquisite joke in company, but just now he had something more important to say. Feeling his mastery of the situation, he had not hurried, and the conversation apparently of itself had reached a point which his sense of fitness prompted him to seize as the psychological moment.

"Yes," he was saying, "the city has been dreary enough after that delightful month. Did you know that Mrs. Curtiss had asked me up to spend Saturday and Sunday? I was about to accept when I recollected that you were going home to-day, and— Well, of course, I declined."

"You shouldn't have done that," replied the girl, gazing out of the window. "The people that Mrs. Curtiss has there now from Philadelphia are charming."

"But it would be worse than the city without you. I wish you had stayed long enough to hear something that I had planned to tell you. It can't sound as well here as it would in that little pavilion in the rose garden, for instance, the one where we went the evening of the fancy dress party; but——"

A shrill whistle and a grinding of brakes drowned whatever followed. The train was slowing for the next stop and Brown had no choice but to wait; for while a railroad train in full career affords the conversational privacy of a parlor, when the wheels cease to revolve the least sound becomes by contrast startlingly distinct.

Hardly had the train come to a standstill when a man entered with a yellow envelope. "Miss Van Dever, Miss Van Dever," he announced; "telegram for Miss Van Dever."

"Why, that's me," cried the girl. "How strange that anybody should wire me on the train. I hope there's no trouble at home."

Brown took the message from the man and handed it to her, then looked politely across the aisle while she tore open the envelope. Had he been less punctilious he might have observed how, as she read, the waves of rosy color chased each other across

her face, and how she smiled and her eyes grew misty and tender. It was not he, but the messenger, that interrupted what appeared to have become a delightful reverie.

"Beg pardon, miss," said he, "but would you mind signing the receipt?"

Miss Van Dever looked up quickly. Clearly she had forgotten that there was anybody besides herself in the car.

"Oh, you're the telegraph man?" she said

"Yes'm."

"Have you any blanks with you?"

"Yes'm; I brought some along, thinking you might want to send an answer."

The girl took the paper and laying it on the window sill took a little silver pencil from her chatelaine bag and poised it to write. But the right word was slow in coming, and after setting down the date and place she signed her name at the bottom. As she still hesitated, the train started in a sly, unobtrusive manner.

"Hurry, miss," said the messenger, "we're going."

Hastily she scribbled one single word, and folding the paper handed it to the man, who seized it and rushed to the door.

"In another moment he would have been carried off like Colter and me," said Brown, with a laugh. "No bad news, I hope, Miss Van Dever?"

"No, indeed! On the contrary, very good news—about as good as I ever had," she answered, with a smile and a slight flush.

He wondered what it was and felt that in view of the relation about to be established between them he had a right to know. The matter at hand, however, was so important that he couldn't waste time in speculation.

It was unaccountably difficult—beginning

all over—and he could not understand the sudden loss of memory exhibited by his companion, who but a moment ago had seemed encouragingly sympathetic. There was a difference, and he felt it while he could not explain. The precious moments slipped away and the train was passing through the suburbs of Lowlands almost before he realized it. Then he became desperate, and beating down all her skilfully raised defenses declared his love in simple, unmistakable language, and breathless with apprehension awaited her answer.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said, softly. "I tried to stop you, but you wouldn't let me. You can never be anything more than one of my best friends, Mr. Brown. And I'll prove that I think you such by telling you what no one else knows: I am engaged to marry Douglas Colter."

"What!" exclaimed Wooster, stiffening back in his chair. "You were engaged to Colter all the time I was doing my best to get rid of him? Oh, Lord! what an idiot! I don't mean you, nor him," he explained, hastily. "I refer to myself. What an unmitigated idiot I've been, and what a bore you must have thought me!"

"It wasn't as bad as that. I enjoyed your company very much. You see, we've been engaged only about half an hour."

"But how could that have been?" asked Brown, bewildered. "For an hour and a half you have been miles away from him."

"He telegraphed," replied the girl.

"Telegraphed! Was that the message you received at the last station?"

"Yes; that was it."

Then somebody Wooster Brown thought was an angel, but who was only the trainman, put his head in at the door and shouted:

"Lowlands! All change!"



CONEY ISLAND

By HARVEY SUTHERLAND

I DON'T know how they manage it—there's the grocer, you know, and the butcher, and the milkman; the landlord comes the first of every month for his money and the gasman along about the 17th—but there are people that can devote years and years to the study of one particular subject, and then years and years more to the writing and indexing of a great work that will be of permanent value to the human race, such as the decipherment of the Maya inscriptions or a treatise on the Greek verbs in MI. I make no doubt that even now among those to whom I address myself there is some young man that has his board and room-rent paid ahead for the next forty years, and is only looking for a subject worthy of being his life-work, one that shall hand on his name to nations yet unborn. I have just the theme for him, Coney Island. With a little compression, I should say he might do the subject justice in about six volumes of 800 pages of letter-press, each, not counting illustrations. Of course, he would have to get out supplementary volumes as new devices for turning the hair gray in a single minute were added to the amusement features of the place....

Coney Island is only ten cents distant from a city of more than three million inhabitants, most of whom work hard for five days and a half every week at jobs that do not interest them in the least, which consequently pay

very little wages. If they are to have any fun in life at all it must be inexpensive, and it must be such fierce and intense fun that people can have enough of it by about ten o'clock Sunday night. Aristocrats may dawdle along for weeks slapping mosquitoes at their elegant country homes; those with more money than grammar may be swept by ocean breezes and have nothing to look at but noses, diamonds and peroxide of hydrogen while they pay three prices for what they eat at Manhattan Beach; but for real, roaring, stamping, "hollering" fun that costs next to nothing you must go to Coney Island.

The psychologist will have from 100,000 to 200,000 interesting subjects to study of a hot Sunday afternoon. Every one is a human being of like passions to ours, only stripped of all disguises. It is a great thought to think that every one of them has a Pa and a Ma, an Aunt Sadie and an Uncle Henry. His Grandpa Fisher is dead, but his

Grandma Apple-gate is still living. See, he is trying to coax her to take a ride in the roller-coaster. His sister Mamie is chums with the two Reinhart girls in the third flat back, and they have come along, too. Katie is too young to have a beau, but Carrie Reinhart's "steady"—he runs an elevator in a building in East Nineteenth Street—is with them.

They are all alike. The girls step on each other's dresses



"Every woman believes that she can learn to swim standing up in water just above her knees."

and rip out the gathers and just glare at each other, never thinking to say, "Beg your pardon," while the roughest-looking fellows always say, "Excuse me," when they bump against you in the crowd that surges over the brick pavement of Surf Avenue or the board walk of the Bowery. They are all alike and they are all different. It is interesting to look at the faces, not one the mate of another. This man had his



"It is pretty to see the little tots dance up and down, as the sand, stirred by the back-running water, tickles their pink soles."

nose pulled out before his face had set and while it was still soft and doughy, so the rest of his features have been drawn out of shape; that man had his chin smacked in, upsetting the rest of his countenance. That girl was left too long lying on one side while she was drying, and this one here, her jaw fell off, and in the excitement they slapped it on anyhow, and it grew that way.

All day long they dodge death at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge,

scrambling for places on trolley-cars, which plough through a solid mass of people and miraculously fail to kill anybody. How the women with babies get seats I don't know. We believe in New York that a man has as many rights as a woman, if not more. But they get on somehow, and when the conductor rings up his 120 fares or so (nearly all of which the company gets) all the seats are full, all the standing-room is occupied, and the footboard is crowded. Progress toward the Island is made to the tune of "On a Sunday Afternoon."

The round trip by the Iron Steamship from New York is twenty-five cents, and every boat is chock-a-block. Though in the city the thermometer may be dancing among the upper nineties, down in the Lower Bay you need your jacket. The two fiddles and the harp play "On a Sunday Afternoon," assisted by two or three thousand willing voices.

I don't know how many thousand come in buggies and automobiles, but it is not uncommon for one of these places where bicycles are checked to take care of 7,000 machines in a day. Wheelmen do not sing, but as soon as they come within earshot the wind blows them "On a Sunday Afternoon" in all keys and all stages of rendition. Next summer it will be something else, and Julius Caesar will not be deadlier than "On a Sunday Afternoon."

Primarily, people go to Coney Island to escape the heat and to exchange the dead and wilted air, robbed of all its ozone in blowing across the city, for a lungful of the cool, snappy, lively breeze from off the ocean. The poor little babies that have fretted and squalled all day and all night in the hot and stuffy tenements, that are pallid as dough where they are not stippled red with prickly heat, gap less and less till by the time the car gets to King's Highway and the gale has so salt a tang that you can taste it, they are sound asleep. Down in the cool shade of the Iron Pier, where the mothers sit and trade experiences about teething and colic and spasms and scarlet fever, and how the second summer is always the hardest, the babies snooze in windrows, and if they cry at all, it is for the bottle that they pushed away fretfully at home. Little Annie has her clothes kilted up around her waist and is paddling about with the other young ones, shrieking with delighted terror as the wave flirts out its thin, lace-trimmed skirt on the sloping beach in swift chase after them. It is pretty to see the little tots dance up and down, as the sand



"Every kind of a piano, that was last tuned in April, 1887, is banging away *fortissimo* . . ."

stirred by the back-running water tickles their pink soles.

A bitter disappointment awaits Emil when Papa takes him for the first time into the big house where they get the bathing suits. Emil thinks it will be great fun. It is interesting to see Papa put his watch and pocket-book and key-ring into the paper envelope and give it to the man behind the wire netting, and he wants to know what for and why as he skips along to where they give out the fuzzy bathing-suits and the warm towels. They go into a little room, and Papa has a great time undressing Emil; he doesn't know how so well as Mamma. Doesn't the rubber floor feel funny to your feet as you go down to the beach? (New York children don't go barefooted, poor things!) It would be nice just to splash around in the water, but that is girls' play, so Papa takes Emil on his back and carries him away, 'way out where the water is pretty nearly up to his shoulders, and then, sir, he squats down! and just as Emil is going to drown and opens his mouth to squall, along comes a big wave and slaps the hole in his face full of choking, bitter, nasty sea-water. Emil

tries to sneeze and cough and spit and cry all at once and clings to Papa with an iron grip. But Papa only laughs and says: "Oh, here's a big one!" and as Emil turns to look he gets slapped with another cold, wet, bitter wave, and after that it is: "Mamma, mamma! I want to go to my Mamma! I don't want to be in the wa-oo-ug—pittoo! ugglallop! Mamma!" Papa has suddenly become awfully mean. He wants to drown Emil, and when Emil doesn't want to be drowned he gets cross and calls him "baby," and tells him to go on back to Mamma and get nimmy-nimmy. Emil squares his mouth and scrambles out boo-hooing, knocked down by every wave, and goes choking and bawling to drip tears and salt water on Mamma under the Iron Pier. But a banana will cure any childish grief, and in a few minutes Emil is covering up his legs in the warm sand or digging a deep well with a clam-shell, acquiring a sunburn that will enable him to pull strips of tissue paper off his arms by Wednesday or Thursday.

If Papa is bold and daring, after Emil leaves him, he will be one of the dozen or so that swim out overhand to the catamaran

float, perhaps one hundred feet beyond, where it is over your head and perhaps fifty feet beyond the ropes. Some exceptionally able man may go further, but the lifeguard rowing up and down is there to look out for such as think they will paddle over to Europe, forgetting how very far it is. But we don't swim a great deal at Coney Island. When we were boys inland we used to go in above the dam at the Sycamore Swimm'hole, or down below at the Copperas Banks and stay in all afternoon except while we played Indian and painted ourselves with mud. The ocean isn't quite so warm, and twenty-five minutes of it will turn anybody's lips a royal purple and pinch the nose and set the teeth to clattering. Besides, it is harder swimming in rough water, so surf bathing at the last comes to standing, waiting to dive into the cool, green heart of a big wave just as its crest topples over with a sounding crash. We come up with our nostrils tingling and our ears full. It is great fun, and gives you a headache.

If I were to write the *magnum opus* on Coney Island I should certainly devote one volume at least to the psychology of women's bathing. It might be necessary to bring in the collateral issue of the way they get off a street car. Make no mistake. I yield to none in my respect and admiration for the other sex. They are away ahead of men in everything that makes for real civilization and morally they are infinitely our superiors. But when I see them getting off street cars wrong side before or bathing in the sea my admiration receives a rude shock. A woman in the water is not a lovely creature. Her hair is all wet and stringy, and there never was a bathing suit yet that didn't make its wearer a frump. But that isn't the worst. It's her conduct. She hangs to the rope,

jumps up and down, and squeals as the waves slap her around. All the sense for which she is renowned at home forsakes her utterly beside the sounding sea. "You ever try to teach a woman to swim?" Well, then, I don't need to teach you any. It

is a fact that once you trust yourself wholly to the water and work your arms and legs you can't do anything but swim, but every woman believes that she can learn to swim standing up in water just above her knees. So long as I can keep my mind off swimming and getting off street cars I can battle for Woman the Superior Sex till I am black in the face, but the minute I think of—Well, they're funny, aren't they?

Still, they have their place in the scheme of creation. You learn that if you go to Coney Island with the family, Pa and Ma and Aunt Sadie and Uncle

Henry and Grandma Applegate and Mamie and the two Reinhart girls, and Fred, Carrie Reinhart's "steady."

After you come out of the water and lie around in the sand for a while something inside begins to trouble you. It isn't remorse of conscience, though it's like it. It isn't sleepiness; it isn't pain of any kind. It's a kind of proper discomfort you know but somehow you can't place it. And then the women-folks bring out a big pasteboard box full of sandwiches and pickles and hard-boiled eggs and bananas and ginger-snaps and lady-fingers, and all of a sudden you know what's the matter with you. You are HUNGRY! It is only about two hours since you had a big dinner, and here you are ravenous as a hound, able to devour anything short of wire nails, and you eat and eat and eat and eat till you begin to think you must be hollow to your heels. It's the sea air does it. You sprawl out on the sand and watch the ships slide by on the horizon as



"It seems silly, but I could stand all day and watch that fool clown scare the children."

slow as clockhands, or the horses from the racetrack standing fettle deep in the surf enjoying it in the best, well-bred way. Not a wave of the rolls across your peaceful breast. You are whether the factory wh... ever blows again. It's nice to have the women folks about then and to listen to their, "Oh, I should think a yard and a half would be full a plenty."

After so long a time you get up and try another dip in the surf. It doesn't feel very good. No amount of alternation between the steam room and the cold shower up in the pavilion will restore the pleasure of the sea for to-day. You might as well dress and comb your sticky hair and go see the sights.

Now we get at the real Coney Island. The smallest part of the circle is the center, yet without it the circle would not be. Same way with Coney Island. Without the beach it would not be, yet comparatively few go in bathing. Don't you want your fortune told? Don't you want to be weighed? Perhaps you would like a "red-hot." I never think of a broiled sausage anywhere else, but I always eat one at Coney Island. Don't you want to try a shot with an air-rifle at the jumping lions and the silver balls dancing on water jets? Spend a nickel! You brag so much about your pitching, see if you can't knock over in three shots one of those puppets that stand so thick on the shelves it seems you couldn't miss them. Oh, well, I never saw anybody hit one yet. Here is the wonderful Wil-lipus Wallapus, savagest animal known, captured in the Philippines at an enormous cost of blood and treasure. Here is the living mermaid, half fish and half woman, taken off the coast of Japan. Don't care for 'em, eh? Like as not they are frauds. Surely you want a tintype. The barker has a big wooden paddle decorated with sheet-iron works of art that he waves at you. We

all treasure at least one Coney Island tintype wherein our faces are depicted as they would look after passing through a clothes-wringer.

Oh, here's what you want. A ring around which horses trot in a string while the band of two drums and two horns thump and bray, "On a Sunday Afternoon." The barker has a voice like a woolen floor-cloth and advises you to learn to ride for a nickel. Well, perhaps it is more fun to watch. See that little boy. He doesn't know whether to cry or to feel biggity. And there's the impetuous youth at the end of the string, where there is no chance of going any faster who, nevertheless, slaps the horse's neck with the bridle, kisses with his mouth and cries: "Gittee ep, horsey!" And the earnest young man in the purple shirt really means to learn to ride. He always thought he would. It hurts him worse than a hard



"Every ten or twenty-five feet some one is tearing holes in the air with that combination of a twang, a scoop, a slide and a screech that the New York public believes to be singing."

booting, but he's going to stick it out, though how folks can call it fun is more than— Oh, look at that girl's hat flopping on her nose, will you? And her hair has all come down, and that horse of hers is loosening the filling in her teeth. I'll bet she wishes she hadn't got on.

Come on. Don't stand there all day. Don't you want some popcorn or peppermint candy or ice-cream soda? "Come in, come in! Right this way! All free!" The barkers yell at you personally and whack their canes on the doorposts to attract your attention. No admission fee. All you've got to do is to buy a drink while you watch the moving pictures of the prize-fight or listen to the comic opera.

And here's Mr. Punch, screaming the latest popular songs, and of course "On a Sunday Afternoon." The pianist that accompanies sits cross-legged with his body half turned away and talks with a waiter while he rattles away automatically. "Whadda youse take me faw?" I says toom," he relates: "'A sucka? Not on yer life!' I says toom. 'You divvy up fair an' square or I'll snitch,' I says toom. Huh? Say? Wot could 'e say? No, Mr. Punch, I haven't saw Judy to-day."

There are many endings to the drama of Punch, but they are all tragic. He may have his fun turning into sausage the dog that bites his nose, and he may have his good times murdering his wife and the Jew man, and the sailor and the Irishman with the green trousers, but the end of the strenuous life is as it should be. The devil gets him, despite his piercing shrieks, or else a frightful spectre whose horrent locks emit a jangling roar when ruffled by Mr. Punch's stick. Let me say this to those

that declare that the public wants all stories to "come out right." Look at the deathless dramas of the English tongue, "Hamlet" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "East Lynne" and "Punch and Judy." Tragedies, every one of them. Life in its gayest

moments sounds the tragic note. That jangling roar from the spectre's horrent locks is produced by rubbing the bowl of a briar pipe on the lower keys of an ancient Chickering piano, once the pride of a wealthy home. Its magnificent hexagon legs, how admired in 1858! Countless cigarette butts have not wholly marred the beauty of its curly mahogany case, once polished as a mirror. Tell me if its present estate is not a tragedy.

Drink up your beer and come along to another place. You need not be afraid of getting tipsy. The art of giving the least beer and the most foam for five cents has nowhere attained such a pinnacle of perfection as at Coney. It may very well be that people do get drunk here. I am told that they do. I have never seen such. Out of all the thousands upon thousands I have never seen one man or woman down here yet that I could swear was intoxicated. Perhaps the police snatch them away quickly, but I have another explanation.

We Americans must have excitement. It isn't because we hate the negro or his sin that we burn him alive. It's only to pass away the time. Here in New York we're not allowed to do much of that. So when a man's work is so dull that the only interest he takes in it is signing his name to the pay-roll, and when he cannot indulge in throat-cutting, either personally or by proxy,



"On the Bowery."

as in the melodrama or the historical novel, alcoholic intoxication is about the cheapest and handiest excitement to be had. But at Coney Island there is so much to give the stolid man's nervous system the rasp it needs, that to get drunk is clear waste of money. The rankest whisky in the world cannot jolt you as you could be jolted at Coney Island and yet stay cold sober. Say you love music. You can't tell one tune from another, but you love music. Every kind of a band and barrel-organ and piano that was last tuned in April, 1887, is blaring and braying and banging away *fortissimo* at every step. You prefer vocal to instrumental. Every ten or twenty-five feet some one is tearing holes in the air with that combination of a twang, a scoop, a slide and a screech that the New York public believes to be singing. If it has a tremolo that flutters like a nanny-goat's tail, then there is no belief about it. It assuredly is real singing.

Or you prefer the poetry of motion. There are beautifully kept dancing-floors, with good bands to play for you. You need not be afraid. It's respectable enough. Little children dance with their sisters there. Papa and Mamma waltz together in their old-fashioned way, around and around till it makes your head swim to watch them. See that young fellow whose rapt expression seems to say: "Oh, I could die waltzing!" Do you notice how he holds his partner, so careful not to presume on the least shadow of familiarity? Punctilious respect can go no farther. Those two girls solemnly revolving, each giving a quick, furtive "chaw" to her chewing-gum every fourth revolution, they're good-living girls. You don't need to look twice to see that. We have been brought up to believe that the dance hall scraped on the bottom of iniquity, but this is a long sight more innocent than croquet. And just as you begin to think how good the American public is, you happen to turn around in time to see the girl at the next table slap her fellow's face, whack! Like a firecracker.

"I'll learn you to flirt with other women," she says, "I'll learn you." Whack! she slaps him again in the same place and again and again.

"I'll learn you," she says and she looks as if she could bite nails. He gets red in the face and begins to mumble. Let's move on. Other people go right along minding their own business. Why shouldn't we?

Out in the Bowery a fat woman stands gassing to somebody she has met that she

knows. With noiseless step approaches her a clown, one side white and the other jet black from the tip of his cap to his feet. He touches her on the shoulder and solemnly hands her an advertising card. Did you see her jump? He meets a woman leading a little girl and gives them a picture card. Watch the little girl's face. See how her chin trembles and her eyes bug out. But when the clown stoops and bunches up his big, red-painted lips for a nice, sweet kiss she gives one wild howl and hides her face in her mother's frock. It seems silly, I know, but I could stand all day and watch that fool clown scare the children.

Let us go into the show he advertises. You can feel perfectly sure here that you will not see a thing or hear a thing that you would not want your mother or your little girl to see or hear. But unless you have wholly lost the trick of it you will laugh till your sides ache.

The fun here gets right down to first principles. It is a series of practical jokes that do not hurt. You climb a pair of stairs that rack up and down and loosen up the laugh muscles. Then you go downstairs again. The ladies slide down a slippery incline, and if there is anything in squealing as a test of feminine fun they must enjoy it greatly. The men descend a staircase. Just as you get past the floral arch, woof! comes a gust of wind and away goes your hat into the bushes, and the waiting crowd whoops and yells and stamps with glee to see somebody else sold. You get embarrassed and the floor begins to thump up and down and then to wobble sidewise. You join the crowd and halloo and laugh, too, till you get so tired that you lean against a pillar and that revolves. You sit down on a seat and that collapses. You go into a mysterious cave and while you look at the spectral figures behind the bars, electricity jabs stickers into your feet through the nails in your shoes. I'm not going to spoil your fun by telling you all the jokes, but don't you see what a fine thing it is for hard-working, practical-minded people to get one hour of real primitive fun that is perfectly clean?

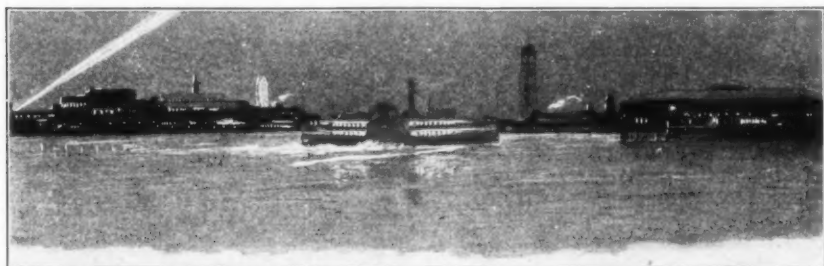
Perhaps this isn't the excitement you need. It doesn't quite come up to the titillation of a ten-dollars-or-ten-days' intoxication. All right. Come along. Let us scare ourselves to death. You have outgrown the merry-go-round, though that gives more dizziness for five cents than you could get from a quarter's worth of whisky. Let us try the roller-coaster. We get into a car,

are dragged up by cable to the top of a spirally-descending plane and then let go. Round we bounce, lickety-split, the women screeching as we turn the corners—Woo-ooo-o! My law! we go down a hill so fast we—wo-up! run up another hill that descends still more steeply and—woo-oo-oo-OO-oo! down again. Wee-ee-ee! Hear the women squeal! Hold your hat on. Faster, faster—wee-ee-ee! Breath? You have none to squeal with and when you slow up and get out, not the most hardened misanthrope, no, not even a typical Harvard graduate but has his mouth stretched taut in a grin and the women gasp and giggle and fall against each other and squall: "Oh, my! Oh, my goodness! Oh, my goodness me! Oh, oh, oh, my!" Half the fun is to take your best girl and have her howl in your ear.

What! Not satisfied yet? Well, we'll try "looping the loop." You will excuse me if I don't go with you this time. Thank you, I've been. I wouldn't have missed it for a pretty sum, because now I know just what it feels like to die suddenly and to know what's happening. A lynching must seem a very tame affair, even to the principal, after "looping the loop." I am not afraid to die, but I am afraid to take that ride again. The car in which you are strapped is hauled up as in the roller-coaster. Then it goes down a hill so fast—wait a moment. I am all of a tremble just thinking about it—it goes down so fast that it is carried clear around the loop that the rails make perpendicularly in the air. What keeps you from dropping out when you are head downward at the top of the loop is the same thing that keeps the water in the bucket when you swing it over your head. You go around the loop only once. The rest of the ride you put in coming to. There is another side of life down

at Coney Island, but if you had just as soon, I'd rather not tell about it. It isn't enticing in the least. It is horribly repulsive. It is there, but it need not bother you. You can take your mother or your wife or your daughter to the Island and never see it if you don't want to. It somehow raises your estimate of our American people to note how few of all the women meet your gaze with "calm, inquiring eyes." Among the tens of thousands there are not many young girls that make you sigh and say to yourself: "I can see her finish." When we think how poor and comfortless are the homes of most of them, how hard the struggle for an honest living, how fierce the temptation, and how seemingly luxurious the other way of living, I think we ought to be pretty proud of our people. I think we may even thank God that for the myriads that visit Coney Island most of the sins they commit are only against good taste.

How natural the sigh when the day's fun is ended! Often my wife and I, when we have tired ourselves with laughter, go far out upon the lonely sands at night and watch the stars come twinkling out amid the deepening darkness of the purple sky. Across the waters darts and withdraws itself the stabbing lance of Sandy Hook Light. The distance smooths the noisy music to a murmur. The eternal sea flings itself foaming on the shifting sands in slow and steady rhythm as it flung itself for ages before we came into this world. After we shall leave it, yes, when once again the still darkness shall be where now are loud laughter and bright lights, this same eternal sea will beat with the same rhythm on the shifting sands and the same stars twinkle in the purple sky.





NAM-BOK, THE LIAR

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The God of His Fathers," and "Son of the Wolf."

"A BIDARKA,* is it not so? Look! A bidarka, and one man who drives clumsily with a paddle!"

Old Bask-Wah-Wan rose to her knees, trembling with weakness and eagerness, and gazed out over the sea.

"Nam-Bok was ever clumsy at the paddle," she maundered, reminiscently, shading the sun from her eyes and staring across the silver-spilled water. "Nam-Bok was ever clumsy. I remember——"

But the women and children laughed loudly, and there was a gentle mockery in their laughter, and her voice dwindled till her lips moved without sound.

Koogah lifted his grizzled head from his bone-carving and followed the path of her eyes. Except when wild yaws took it off its course, a bidarka was heading in for the beach. Its occupant was paddling with more strength than dexterity, and made his approach along the zig-zag line of most resistance. Koogah's head dropped to his work again, and on the ivory tusk between his knees he scratched the dorsal fin of a fish the like of which never swam in the sea.

"It is doubtless the man from the next village," he said, finally, "come to consult with me about the making of things on bone. And the man is a clumsy man. He will never know how."

"It is Nam-Bok," old Bask-Wah-Wan repeated. "Should I not know my son?"

*Skin boat of the Esquimo.

she demanded, shrilly. "I say, and I say again, it is Nam-Bok."

"And so thou hast said these many summers," one of the women chided, softly. "Ever when the ice passed out of the sea hast thou sat and watched through the long day, saying at each chance canoe, 'This is Nam-Bok.' Nam-Bok is dead, O Bask-Wah-Wan, and the dead do not come back. It cannot be that the dead come back."

"Nam-Bok!" the old woman cried, so loud and clear that the whole village was startled and looked at her.

She struggled to her feet and tottered down the sand. She stumbled over a baby lying in the sun, and the mother hushed its crying and hurled harsh words after the old woman, who took no notice. The children ran down the beach in advance of her, and as the man in the bidarka drew closer, nearly capsizing with one of his ill-directed strokes, the women followed. Koogah dropped his walrus tusk and went also, leaning heavily upon his staff, and after him loitered the men in twos and threes.

The bidarka turned broadside and the ripple of surf threatened to swamp it, only a naked boy ran into the water and pulled the bow high up on the sand. The man stood up and sent a questioning glance along the line of villagers. A rainbow sweater, dirty and the worse for wear, clung loosely to his broad shoulders, and a red cotton handkerchief was knotted in sailor fashion about his

throat. A fisherman's tam-o'-shanter on his close-clipped head, and dungaree trousers and heavy brogans, completed his outfit.

But he was, none the less, a striking personage to these simple fisher-folk of the great Yukon Delta, who all their lives had stared out on Bering Sea, and in that time had seen but two white men, the census enumerator and a lost Jesuit priest. They were a poor people, with neither gold in the ground nor valuable furs in hand, so the whites had passed them afar. Also, the Yukon, through the thousands of years, had shoaled that portion of the sea with the detritus of Alaska till vessels grounded out of sight of land. So the sodden coast, with its long inside reaches and huge mud-land archipelagoes, was avoided by the ships of men, and the fisher-folk knew not that such things were.

Koogah the Bone-Scratcher, retreated backward in sudden haste, tripping over his staff and falling to the ground. "Nam-Bok!" he cried, as he scrambled wildly for footing. "Nam-Bok, who was blown off to sea, come back!"

The men and women shrank away, and the children scuttled off between their legs. Only Opee-Kwan was brave, as befitted the head man of the village. He strode forward and gazed long and earnestly at the newcomer.

"It is Nam-Bok," he said, at last, and at the conviction in his voice the women wailed apprehensively and drew farther away.

The lips of the stranger moved indecisively, and his brown throat writhed and wrestled with unspoken words.

"La, la, it is Nam-Bok," Bask-Wah-Wan croaked, peering up into his face. "Ever did I say Nam-Bok would come back."

"Ah, it is Nam-Bok come back." This time it was Nam-Bok himself who spoke, putting a leg over the side of the bidarka and standing with one foot afloat and one ashore. Again his throat writhed and wrestled as he grappled after forgotten words. And when the words came forth they were strange of sound, and a spluttering of the lips accompanied the gutturals.

"Greeting, O brothers," he said, "brothers of old time before I went away with the off-shore wind."

He stepped out with both feet on the sand, and Opee-Kwan waved him back.

"Thou art dead, Nam-Bok," he said.

Nam-Bok laughed. "I am fat."

"Dead men are not fat," Opee-Kwan confessed. "Thou hast fared well, but it is

strange. No man may mate with the off-shore wind and come back on the heels of the years."

"I have come back," Nam-Bok answered, simply.

"Mayhap thou art a shadow, then, a passing shadow of the Nam-Bok that was. Shadows come back."

"I am hungry. Shadows do not eat."

But Opee-Kwan doubted, and brushed his hand across his brow in sore puzzlement. Nam-Bok was likewise puzzled, and as he looked up and down the line found no welcome in the eyes of the fisher-folk. The men and women whispered together. The children stole timidly back among their elders, and bristling dogs fawned up to him and sniffed suspiciously.

"I bore thee, Nam-Bok, and I gave thee suck when thou wast little," Bask-Wah-Wan whimpered, drawing closer; "and shadow though thou be, or no shadow, I will give thee to eat now."

Nam-Bok made to come to her, but a growl of fear and menace warned him back. He said something in a strange tongue which sounded like "Goddam," and added, "No shadow am I, but a man."

"Who may know concerning the things of mystery?" Opee-Kwan demanded, half of himself and half of his tribespeople. "We are, and in a breath we are not. If the man may become shadow, may not the shadow become man? Nam-Bok was, but is not. This we know, but we do not know if this be Nam-Bok or the shadow of Nam-Bok."

Nam-Bok cleared his throat and made answer. "In the old time long ago, thy father's father, Opee-Kwan, went away and came back on the heels of the years. Nor was a place by the fire denied him. It is said"—he paused significantly, and they hung on his utterance—"it is said," he repeated, driving his point home with deliberation, "that Sipsip, his *klooch*,* bore him two sons after he came back."

"But he had no doings with the off-shore wind," Opee-Kwan retorted. "He went away into the heart of the land, and it is in the nature of things that a man may go on and on into the land."

"And likewise the sea. But that is neither here nor there. It is said . . . that thy father's father told strange tales of the things he saw."

"Ay, strange tales he told."

"I, too, have strange tales to tell," Nam-

*Woman.

Bok stated, insidiously. And, as they wavered, "and presents, likewise."

He pulled from the bidarka a shawl, marvelous of texture and color, and flung it about his mother's shoulders. The women voiced a collective sigh of admiration, and

oil and passed it fondly and dripping to her son.

In despair, when premonitory symptoms warned him that his stomach was not so strong as of old, he filled his pipe and struck up a smoke. The people fed on noisily



"The women voiced a collective sigh of admiration, and old Bask-Wah-Wan ruffled the gay material and patted it and crooned in childish joy."

old Bask-Wah-Wan ruffled the gay material and patted it and crooned in childish joy.

"He has tales to tell," Koogah muttered. "And presents," a woman seconded.

And Opee-Kwan knew that his people were eager, and further, he was aware himself of an itching curiosity concerning those untold tales. "The fishing has been good," he said, judiciously, "and we have oil in plenty. So come, Nam-Bok; let us feast."

Two of the men hoisted the bidarka on their shoulders and carried it up to the fire. Nam-Bok walked by the side of Opee-Kwan, and the villagers followed after, save those of the women who lingered a moment to lay caressing fingers on the shawl.

There was little talk while the feast went on, though many and curious were the glances stolen at the son of Bask-Wah-Wan. This embarrassed him—not because he was modest of spirit, however, but for the fact that the stench of the seal-oil had robbed him of his appetite, and that he keenly desired to conceal his feelings on the subject.

"Eat; thou art hungry," Opee-Kwan commanded, and Nam-Bok shut both his eyes and shoved his fist into the big pot of putrid fish.

"La, la, be not ashamed. The seal were many this year, and strong men are ever hungry." And Bask-Wah-Wan sopped a particularly offensive chunk of salmon into the

and watched. Few of them could boast of intimate acquaintance with the precious weed, though now and again small quantities and abominable qualities were obtained in trade from the Esquimos to the northward. Koogah, sitting next to him, indicated that he was not averse to taking a draw, and between two mouthfuls, with the oil thick on his lips, sucked away at the amber stem. And thereupon Nam-Bok held his stomach with a shaky hand and declined the proffered return. Koogah could keep the pipe, he said, for he had intended so to honor him from the first. And the people licked their fingers and approved of his liberality.

Opee-Kwan rose to his feet. "And now, O Nam-Bok, the feast is ended, and we would listen concerning the strange things you have seen."

The fisher-folk applauded with their hands, and gathering about them their work, prepared to listen. The men were busy fashioning spears and carving on ivory, while the women scraped the fat from the hides of the hair seal and made them pliable or sewed muclucs with threads of sinew. Nam-Bok's eyes roved over the scene, but there was not the charm about it that his recollection had warranted him to expect. During the years of his wandering he had looked forward to just this scene, and now that it had come he

was disappointed. It was a bare and meager life, he deemed, and not to be compared to the one he had become used to. Still, he would open their eyes a bit, and his own eyes sparkled at the thought.

"Brothers," he began, with the smug complacency of a man about to relate the big things he has done, "it was late summer of many summers back, with much such weather as this promises to be, when I went away. You all remember the day, when the gulls flew low, and the wind blew strong from the land, and I could not hold my bidarka against it. I tied the covering of the bidarka about me, so that no water could get in, and all of the night I fought with the storm. And in the morning there was no land, only the sea, and the off-shore wind held me close in its arms and bore me along. Three such nights whitened into dawn and showed me no land, and the off-shore wind would not let me go.

"And when the fourth day came I was as a madman. I could not dip my paddle for want of food, and my head went round and round, what of the thirst that was upon me. But the sea was no longer angry, and the soft south wind was blowing, and as I looked about me I saw a sight that made me think I was indeed paid."

Nam-Bok paused to pick a sliver of salmon lodged between his teeth, and the men and women, with idle hands and heads craned forward, waited.

"It was a canoe, a big canoe. If all the canoes I have ever seen were made into one canoe, it would not be so large."

There were exclamations of doubt, and Koogah, whose years were many, shook his head.

"If each bidarka were as a grain of sand," Nam-Bok defiantly continued, "and if there were as many bidarkas as there be grains of sand in this beach, still would they not make so big a canoe as this I saw on the morning of the fourth day. It was a very big canoe, and it was called a *schooner*. I saw this thing of wonder, this great schooner, coming after me, and on it I saw men—"

"Hold, O Nam-Bok!" Opee-Kwan broke in. "What manner of men were they—big men?"

"Nay, mere men like you and me."

"Did the big canoe come fast?"

"Ay."

"The sides were tall, the men short."

Opee-Kwan stated the premises with conviction. "And did these men dip with long paddles?"

Nam-Bok grinned. "There were no paddles," he said.

Mouths remained open, and a long silence ensued. Opee-Kwan reached for Koogah's pipe for a couple of contemplative sucks. One of the younger women giggled nervously, and drew upon herself angry eyes.

"There were no paddles?" Opee-Kwan asked, softly, returning the pipe.

"The south wind was behind," Nam-Bok explained.

"But the wind-drift is slow."

"The schooner had wings—thus." He sketched a diagram of masts and sails in the sand, and the men crowded around and studied it. The wind was blowing briskly, and for more graphic elucidation he seized the corners of his mother's shawl and spread them out till it bellied like a sail. Bask-Wah-Wan scolded and struggled, but was blown down the beach for a score of feet and left breathless and stranded in a heap of driftwood. The men uttered sage grunts of comprehension, but Koogah suddenly tossed back his hoary head.

"Ho! ho!" he laughed. "A foolish thing, this big canoe! A most foolish thing! The plaything of the wind! Whersoever the wind goes, it goes, too. No man who journeys therein may name the landing beach, for always he goes with the wind, and the wind goes everywhere, but no man knows where."

"It is so," Opee-Kwan supplemented, gravely. "With the wind, the going is easy, but against the wind a man striveth hard, and for that they had no paddles these men on the big canoe did not strive at all."

"Small need to strive," Nam-Bok cried, angrily. "The schooner went likewise against the wind."

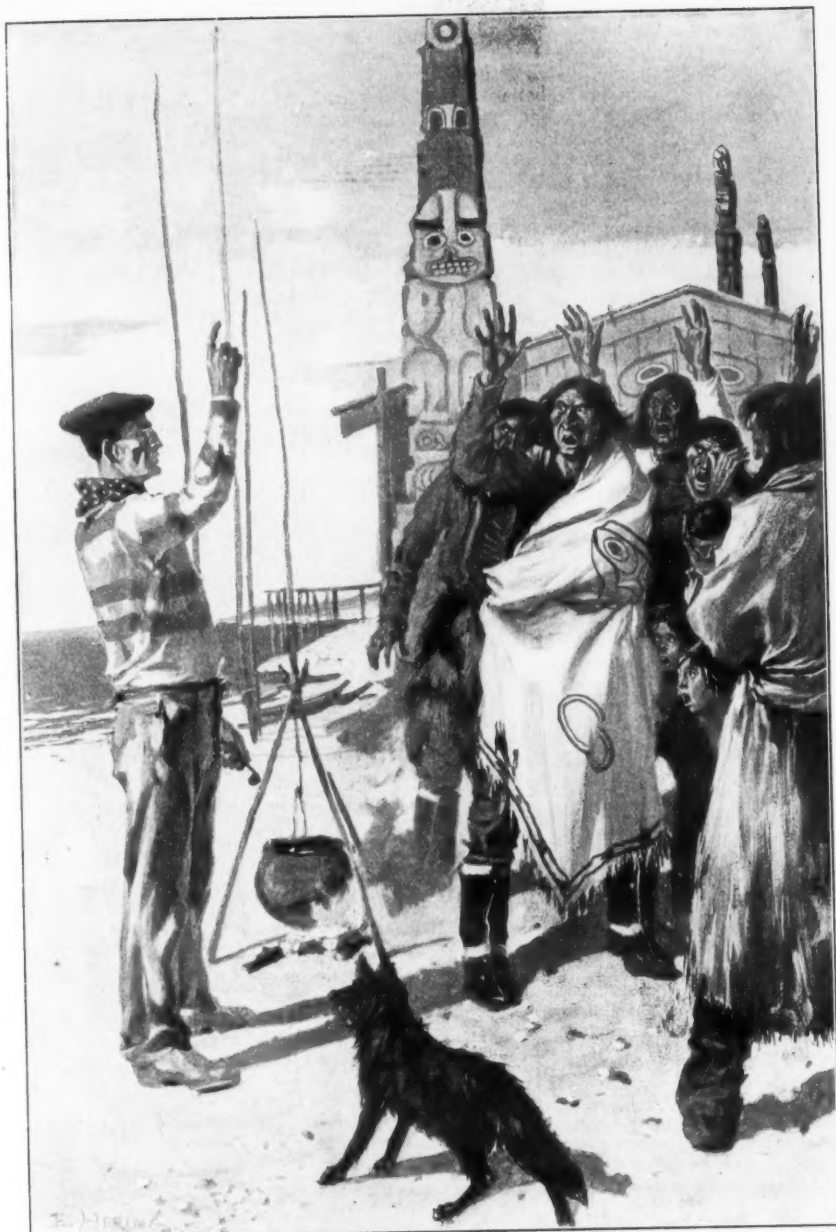
"And what said you made the sch-sch-schooner go?" Koogah asked, tripping craftily over the strange word.

"The wind," was the impatient response.

"Then the wind made the sch-sch-schooner go against the wind." Old Koogah dropped an open leer to Opee-Kwan, and, the laughter growing around him, continued: "The wind blows from the south and blows the schooner south. The wind blows against the wind. The wind blows one way and the other at the same time. It is very simple. We understand, Nam-Bok. We clearly understand."

"Thou art a fool!"

"Truth falls from thy lips," Koogah answered, meekly. "I was over-long in understanding, and the thing was simple."



"Now, this be evil medicine!" cried Opee-Kwan, aghast at the sacrifice. The men held up their hands in horror and the women moaned.

But Nam-Bok's face was dark, and he said rapid words which they had never heard before. Bone-scratching and skin-scraping were resumed, but he shut his lips tightly on the tongue that could not be believed.

"This sch-sch-schooner," Koogah imperturbably asked, "it was made of a big tree?"

"It was made of many trees," Nam-Bok snapped, shortly. "It was very big."

He lapsed into rullen silence again, and Opee-Kwan nudged Koogah, who shook his head with slow amazement and murmured, "It is very strange."

Nam-Bok took the bait. "That is nothing," he said, airily, "you should see the steamer. As the grain of sand is to the bidarka, as the bidarka is to the schooner, so the schooner is to the steamer. Further, the steamer is made of iron. It is all iron."

"Nay, nay, Nam-Bok," cried the head man; "how can that be? Always iron goes to the bottom. For behold, I received an iron knife in trade from the head man of the next village, and yesterday the iron knife slipped from my fingers and went down, down, into the sea. To all things there be law. Never was there one thing outside the law. This we know. And, moreover, we know that things of a kind have the one law, and that all iron has the one law. So unsay thy words, Nam-Bok, that we may yet honor thee."

"It is so," Nam-Bok persisted. "The steamer is all iron and does not sink."

"Nay, nay; this cannot be."

"With my own eyes I saw it."

"It is not in the nature of things."

"But tell me, Nam-Bok," Koogah interrupted, for fear the tale would go no farther; "tell me the manner of these men in finding their way across the sea when there is no land by which to steer."

"The sun points out the path."

"But how?"

"At midday the head of the schooner takes a thing through which his eye looks at the sun, and then he makes the sun climb down out of the sky to the edge of the earth."

"Now, this be evil medicine!" cried Opee-Kwan, aghast at the sacrilege. The men held up their hands in horror and the women moaned. "This be evil medicine. It is not good to misdirect the great sun which drives away the night and gives us the seal, the salmon and warm weather."

"What if it be evil medicine?" Nam-Bok demanded, truculently. "I, too, have looked

through the thing at the sun and made the sun climb down out of the sky."

Those who were nearest drew away from him hurriedly, and a woman covered the face of a child at her breast so that his eye might not fall upon it.

"But on the morning of the fourth day, O Nam-Bok," Koogah suggested; "on the morning of the fourth day when the sch-sch-schooner came after thee?"

"I had little strength left in me and could not run away. So I was taken on board, and water was poured down my throat and good food given me. Twice, my brothers, you have seen a white man. These men were all white and as many as have I fingers and toes. And when I saw they were full of kindness, I took heart, and I resolved to bring away with me report of all that I saw. And they taught me the work they did, and gave me good food and a place to sleep."

"And day after day we went over the sea, and each day the head man drew the sun down out of the sky and made it tell where we were. And when the waves were kind we hunted the fur seal, and I marveled much, for always did they fling the meat and the fat away and save only the skin."

Opee-Kwan's mouth was twitching violently, and he was about to make denunciation of such waste when Koogah kicked him to be still.

"After a weary time, when the summer was gone, and the bite of the frost come into the air, the head man pointed the nose of the schooner south. South and east we traveled for days upon days, with never the land in sight, and we were near to the village from which hailed the men——"

"How did they know they were near?" Opee-Kwan, unable to contain himself longer, demanded. "There was no land to see." Nam-Bok glowered on him wrathfully. "Did I not say the head man brought the sun down out of the sky?"

Koogah interposed, and Nam-Bok went on. "As I say, when we were near to that village a great storm blew up, and in the night we were helpless, and knew not where we were——"

"Thou hast just said the head man knew——"

"O peace, Opee-Kwan! Thou art a fool and cannot understand. As I say, when we were helpless in the night, when I heard, above the roar of the storm, the sound of the sea on the beach. And next we struck with a mighty crash and I was in the water

swimming. It was a rock-bound coast, with one patch of beach in many miles, and the law was that I should dig my hands into the sand and draw myself clear of the surf. The other men must have pounded against the rocks, for none of them came ashore but the head man, and him I knew only by the ring on his finger.

"When day came, there being nothing of the schooner, I turned my face to the land and journeyed into it that I might get food and look upon the faces of people. And when I came to a house I was taken in and given to eat, for I had learned their speech, and the white men are ever kindly. And it was a house bigger than all the houses built by us and our fathers before us."

"It was a mighty house," Koogah said, masking his unbelief with wonder.

"And many trees went into the making of such a house," Opee-Kwan added, taking the cue.

"That is nothing," Nam-Bok shrugged his shoulders in belittling fashion.

"As our houses are to that house, so that house was to the houses I was yet to see."

"And they are not big men?" Opee-Kwan queried.

"Nay; mere men like you and me," Nam-Bok answered. "I had cut a stick that I might walk in comfort, and remembering that I was to bring report to you, my brothers, I cut a notch in the stick for each person who lived in that house. And I stayed there many days, and worked, for which they gave me money, a thing of which you know nothing, but which is very good."

"And one day I departed from that place to go farther into the land. And as I walked I met many people, and I cut smaller notches in the stick that there might be room for all. Then I came upon a strange thing. On the ground before me was a bar of iron, as big in thickness as my arm, and a long step away was another bar of iron—"

"Then wert thou a rich man," Opee-Kwan asserted; "for iron be worth more than anything else in the world. It would have made many knives."

"Nay, it was not mine."

"It was a find, and a find be lawful."

"Not so; the white had placed it there. And, further, these bars were so long that no man could carry them away—so long that as far as I could see, there was no end to them."

"Nam-Bok, that is very much iron," Opee-Kwan cautioned.

"Ay, it was hard to believe with my own

eyes upon it; but I could not gainsay my eyes. And as I looked I heard—" He turned abruptly upon the head man. "Opee-Kwan, thou hast heard the sealion bellow in his anger. Make it plain in thy mind of as many sealions as there be waves to the sea, and make it plain that all these sealions be made into one sealion, and as that one sealion would bellow so bellowed the thing I heard."

The fisher-folk cried aloud in astonishment, and Opee-Kwan's jaw lowered and remained lowered.

"And in the distance I saw a monster-like unto a thousand whales. It was one-eyed, and vomited smoke, and it snorted with exceeding loudness. I was afraid and ran with shaking legs along the path between the bars. But it came with the speed of the wind, this monster, and I leaped the iron bars, with its breath hot on my face—"

Opee-Kwan gained control of his jaw again. "And—and then, O Nam-Bok?"

"Then it came by on the bars, and harmed me not, and when my legs could hold me up again it was gone from sight. And it is a very common thing in that country. Even the women and children are not afraid. Men make them to do work, these monsters."

"As we make our dogs do work?" Koogah asked, with skeptic twinkle in his eye.

"Ay, as we make our dogs do work."

"And how do they breed, these—these things?" Opee-Kwan questioned.

"They breed not at all. Men fashion them cunningly of iron, and feed them with stone, and give them water to drink. The stone becomes fire, and the water becomes steam, and the steam of the water is the breath of their nostrils, and—"

"There, there, O Nam-Bok," Opee-Kwan interrupted. "Tell us of other wonders. We grow tired of this which we may not understand."

"You do not understand?" Nam-Bok asked, despairingly.

"Nay, we do not understand," the men and women wailed back. "We cannot understand."

Nam-Bok thought of a combined harvester, and of the machines wherein visions of living men were to be seen, and of the machines from which came the voices of men, and he knew his people could never understand.

"Dare I say I rode this iron monster through the land?" he asked, bitterly.

Opee-Kwan threw up his hands, palms outward, in open incredulity. "Say on; say anything. We listen."

"Then did I ride the iron monster, for which I gave money——"

"Thou saidst it was fed with stone."

"And likewise, thou fool, I said money was a thing of which you know nothing. As I say, I rode the monster through the land, and through many villages, until I came to a big village on a salt arm of the sea. And the houses shoved their roofs among the stars in the sky, and the clouds drifted by them, and everywhere was much smoke. And the roar of that village was like the roar of the sea in storm, and the people were so many that I flung away my stick and no longer remembered the notches upon it."

"Hadst thou made small notches," Koogah reproved, "thou mightst have brought report."

Nam-Bok whirled upon him in anger. "Had I made small notches! Listen, Koogah, thou scratcher of bone! If I had made small notches, neither the stick, nor twenty sticks, could have bore them—nay, not all the driftwood of all the beaches between this village and the next. And if all of you, the women and children as well, were twenty times as many, and if you had twenty hands each, and in each hand a stick and a knife, still the notches could not be cut for the people I saw, so many were they and so fast did they come and go."

"There cannot be so many people in all the world," Opee-wan objected, for he was stunned and his mind could not grasp such magnitude of numbers.

"What dost thou know of all the world and how large it is?" Nam-Bok demanded.

"But there cannot be so many people in one place."

"Who art thou to say what can be and what cannot be?"

"It stands to reason there cannot be so many people in one place. Their canoes would clutter the sea till there was no room. And they could empty the sea each day of its fish and they would not all be fed."

"So it would seem," Nam-Bok made final answer; "yet it was so. With my own eyes I saw and flung my stick away." He yawned heavily and rose to his feet. "I have paddled far. The day has been long and I am tired. Now I will sleep, and to-morrow we will have further talk upon the things I have seen."

Bask-Wah-Wan, hobbling fearfully in advance, proud indeed, yet awed by her wonderful son, led him to her igloo, and stowed him away among the greasy, ill-smelling

furs. But the men lingered by the fire, and a council was held wherein was there much whispering and low-voiced discussion.

An hour passed, and a second, and Nam-Bok slept and the talk went on. The evening sun dipped toward the northwest, and at eleven at night was nearly due north. Then it was that the head man and the bone-scratcher separated themselves from the council and aroused Nam-Bok. He blinked up into their faces and turned on his side to sleep again. Opee-Kwan gripped him by the arm and kindly but firmly shook his senses back into him.

"Come, Nam-Bok, arise!" he commanded.

"It be time."

"Another feast?" Nam-Bok cried. "Nay, I am not hungry. Go on with the eating and let me sleep."

"Time to be gone!" Koogah thundered.

But Opee-Kwan spoke more softly. "Thou wast bidarka-mate with me when we were boys," he said. "Together we first chased the seal and drew the salmon from the traps. And thou didst drag me back to life, Nam-Bok, when the sea closed over me, and I was sucked down to the black rocks. Together we hungered and bore the chill of the frost, and together we crawled beneath the one fur and lay close to each other. And because of these things, and the kindness in which I stood to thee, it grieves me sore that thou shouldst return such a remarkable liar. We cannot understand, and our heads be dizzy with the things thou hast spoken. It is not good, and there has been much talk in the council. Wherefore we send thee away, that our heads may remain clear and strong, and be not troubled by the unaccountable things."

"These things thou speakest of be shadows," Koogah took up the strain. "From the shadow-world thou has brought them, and to the shadow-world thou must return them. Thy bidarka be ready, and the tribespeople wait. They may not sleep until thou art gone."

Nam-Bok was perplexed, but hearkened to the voice of the head man.

"If thou art Nam-Bok," Opee-Kwan was saying, "thou art a fearful and most wonderful liar; if thou art the shadow of Nam-Bok, then thou speakest of shadows, concerning which it is not good that living men have knowledge. This great village thou has spoken of we deem the village of shadows. Therein flutter the souls of the dead; for the dead be many and the living few. The dead do not come back. Never have the

dead come back—save thou with thy wonder tales. It is not meet that the dead come back, and should we permit it great trouble might be our portion.”

Nam-Bok knew his people well and was aware that the voice of the council was

supreme. So he allowed himself to be led down to the water's edge, where he was put aboard his bidarka and a paddle thrust into his hand. A stray wild-fowl honked somewhere to seaward, and the surf broke limply and hollowly on the sand. A dim twilight brooded over land and water, and in the north the sun smoldered, vague and troubled, and draped about with blood-red mists. The gulls were flying low. The off-shore wind blew keen and chill, and the black-massed clouds behind it gave promise of bitter weather.

“Out of the sea thou camest,” Opee-Kwan chanted, oracularly, “and back into the sea thou goest. Thus is balance achieved and all things brought to law.”

Bask-Wah-Wan limped to the froth mark and cried, “I bless thee, Nam-Bok, for that thou hast remembered me.”

But Koogah, shoving Nam-Bok clear of the beach, tore the shawl from her shoulders and flung it into the bidarka.

“It is cold in the long nights,” she wailed, “and the frost is prone to nip old bones.”

“The thing is a shadow,” the bone-scratcher answered, “and shadows cannot keep thee warm.”



“So he allowed himself to be led down to the water's edge.”

Nam-Bok stood up that his voice might carry. “O Bask-Wah-Wan, mother that bore me!” he called. “Hear to the words of Nam-Bok. There be room in his bidarka for two, and he would that thou come with him. For his journey is to where there are fish and oil in plenty. There the frost comes not and life is easy, and the things of iron do the work of men. Wilt thou come, O Bask-Wah-Wan?”

She debated a moment, while the bidarka drifted swiftly from her, then raised

her voice to a quavering treble. “I am old, Nam-Bok, and soon I shall pass down among the shadows. But I have no wish to go before my time. I am old, Nam-Bok, and I am afraid.”

A shaft of light shot across the dim-lit sea and wrapped boat and man in a splendor of red and gold. Then a hush fell upon the fisher-folk, and the only sounds were the moan of the off-shore wind and the cries of the gulls flying low in the air.

ALUMINIUM

BY GEORGE H. PERRY

THE most plentifully distributed of all the useful metals is *aluminium*. Iron stands next, a bad second. Iron is common, but aluminium is, almost literally, everywhere. In strict truth, it is almost as common as dirt, because it actually is present in a large percentage of all earthy matter. Nearly eight per cent. of the composition of the earth's crust is aluminium. Iron forms less than six per cent.

Aluminium is the basic metal of all clay, just as sodium is the basic metal of common salt. Whenever you find a clay-bank, you have found an aluminium mine. All that is left for you to do is to find a method of getting the metal out of the clay, and you have won a fortune. It is there: anywhere from twenty to sixty per cent. of all clay is metallic aluminium. Let it not discourage you to be told that chemists have known this for more than a century, but have not yet discovered a process for extracting the silvery stuff from the common clays with profit. The way will undoubtedly be found sometime.

It is found not only in the clays, but also in many rocks; especially in granite, and in marble. The latter is really only hardened clay. As it is in the rocks, it is in the soils and the sands which have been formed by the breaking down of those rocks. Neither is it exclusively a part of the dull and common earths and stones. The ruby and the sapphire are practically nothing more than aluminium and oxygen. The turquoise, the topaz and the garnet confess their constituent aluminium to the analyst. So does the emerald. So would the tiles of your bathroom and the very enamel of your bathtub. The china from which you eat would probably admit being close to forty per cent. aluminium, if interrogated by a chemist. The metal is plentiful beyond computation, but of all the useful metals, it is the hardest to get hold of.

The reason of this is that aluminium is never found in its metallic state. It exists all through nature in intimate combination with other forms of matter, gripping them and gripped by them so closely that their dissociation on a commercial scale has been

a puzzle to chemists for more than a hundred years. Even to-day, with a market established and a value well recognized, no method commercially profitable has been found for the extraction of the metal from the common clays.

Perhaps a popular fallacy explodes with a bang in that statement. If so, one purpose of this article is already accomplished. The aluminium of to-day's market is not extracted from clay—if it were, its status in industrial economics might be better defined. The clays, especially the pure white clay called "kaolin," from which china is made—are so rich in the metal and are so common and plentiful that they naturally suggest themselves as the cheapest and most convenient sources of supply. But, as yet, they are sources unused. This is why:

When the earth was cooling, aluminium was among the very last of the metals to solidify. Long after the iron and the copper and the gold had cooled to mere redness, aluminium was still liquid, and was mixing itself up with every other substance for which it had an affinity, or with which it was thrown in contact. So also, to be sure, were lead and tin and zinc, but those metals, having fewer affinities, kept comparatively free from entangling alliances. Of all things in the domain of matter, aluminium loves oxygen best, so, wherever the molten metal could seize upon that gas, it hugged it to its molecular heart, and the two united in alumina, which is simply the oxide of aluminium, just as iron rust is the oxide of iron. It follows that we do not find aluminium at all, but alumina, just as if we found, not iron, but merely huge deposits of iron rust.

The union of aluminium and oxygen was one of nature's love matches, based on one of her most powerful chemical affinities, and what nature has joined under those conditions, man finds difficulty in putting asunder. He can only do it—you may draw such parallel as you please—by introducing to the couple an element which one of them prefers to its mate. The first union having been previously weakened by all manner of crafty chemical tricks, there is generally a prompt divorce, a new combination, and the

deserted element precipitates itself into the hands of its undoer, if not "heart-whole and fancy free," at least chemically untrammelled.

But this union of oxygen and aluminium is one unusually close, and while chemists have learned how to destroy it, it was not until the mysterious and powerful aid of electricity was invoked that the divorce became commercially profitable. Electrolysis is the great disturber of chemical peace, and even alumina has yielded to it.

But there is another difficulty in the way of using the clays, as yet unsolved. In the frightful cauldron of the molten world, the alumina received a thorough stirring up with silica. If silica is unfamiliar read "sand" in its place, and while you will not be chemically accurate, you will be near enough to the truth for practical purposes. This batter of alumina and silica, when cooled, formed what we know as clay, and the mixing of the two has been so ultimately and absolutely thorough that no method of separation has yet been found.

There were places, however, where this mixing and stirring did not take place. There were spots where, through some fortuitous eddy or current, the alumina kept pretty well to itself, as you sometimes see a whirl of comparatively clean water where a clear brook mingles with a muddy stream. Where these eddies occurred are now huge deposits of what is known as "bauxite," called so because they were first found in the vicinity of the town of Baux, in France. Bauxite, as dug from the ground, is almost nothing else than alumina and water. A lump of it looks much like a close-grained sponge, hardened. The yellow color is given by traces of iron, and there is a little silica in it, to bother the aluminium reducers. But it is sixty to seventy-five per cent. pure aluminium, and it is from deposits of bauxite in Alabama, Georgia and Arkansas that the aluminium we see in this country is made. Twenty years ago these bauxite beds were merely clay-banks. Now, they are of decided and definite value, and a new source of wealth has developed among us.

The struggle to induce the aluminium to release its grip of the oxygen, and thus to reduce the metal aluminium from the oxide, alumina, has interested the chemists for a hundred and sixty years. As long ago as 1730 it was known that there was a metal at the base of clay, but that metal was never actually isolated and seen until 1828 by a famous German chemist named Wohler. Sir

Humphrey Davey had an elaborate try at the problem in 1807, but was obliged to report a failure. However, he named the metal, although he had not seen it. And therein, see a point of some etymological interest. Those were days when chemical nomenclature was growing rapidly, and Davey himself was giving the world new metals with almost rhythmic frequency. The rule in naming these was to tack the termination "ium," signifying "metal," to the stem-word of the oxide or earth from which the metal was reduced. Davey used the stem "alum," and called the new metal "aluminium." It was a name at once attacked by other scientists, who claimed that the stem should have been, not "alum," but "alumin," from the oxide "alumina," and that the proper name of the new metal should be "aluminium," in five distinct syllables, with the accent on the "min." And while the metal was merely a scientific achievement and a laboratory product, this was its title, given by all writers. Since we have begun to make frying pans of it, however, we Americans have begun to discard the fourth syllable as a waste of time, and as "aluminum" will the metal undoubtedly be known to posterity. What's scientific tradition to the bother of an extra syllable?

The history of the battle of the chemists against the union of aluminium, oxygen and silicon is most interesting, but too long to tell here. Wohler gained the first divorce in 1823, as stated, but at a tremendous cost in money and time. For decades afterward aluminium was merely a scientific fact, with no practical value whatever. It was classed, even as late as forty years ago, with such weird substances as "didymium," and "lantanum," and "cadmium," and other metals rare and strange, never heard of outside a laboratory or a text-book.

But this beautiful, feather-weight, silvery metal, with its glorious possibilities and its tantalizing abundance, was a constant incentive to research and invention. What a glittering prospect was that before the man who should devise a process whereby he could extract this precious substance from the mud of his own fields! And so, experiment followed experiment, and process followed process, until at last a Frenchman named Deville actually succeeded in putting aluminium on the market—at \$90 a pound!

This was in 1856, and of course the metal was used only for medals and trinkets and jewel-settings. But the enormous commercial possibilities in sight did not permit the

metallurgists to be content with aluminium at a precious-metal price. The Deville process was amplified and improved; other processes were devised, and the price fell slowly through the next thirty years. In 1886, it was down to \$9 a pound, and a half-dozen concerns were producing the metal, more or less pure.

So far, all the processes were chemical, and decidedly expensive. It was about this time that the wonderful development in the dynamo had, for the first time in the history of the world, made electricity actually cheap. Experimenters then turned to electrolysis rather than to chemical action and reaction, to free the aluminium from its bonds. In 1889 a patent was granted to Mr. Charles M. Hall, of Oberlin, Ohio, for a process of reducing metallic aluminium from alumina, by electrical means which combine in a remarkable manner the principles of the electric furnace and the electrolytic bath.

The enormous electrical energy derived from Niagara Falls has been applied to the production of aluminium, with what cheapening of prices and increase of output may be determined from these statistics printed in *The Aluminium World* and derived from the United States Geological Survey:

| Years. | Price per pound. | Amount produced in the U. S. |
|-----------|------------------|------------------------------|
| 1883..... | \$9.00 | 83 lbs. |
| 1884..... | — | 150 |
| 1885..... | — | 283 |
| 1886..... | — | 3,000 |
| 1887..... | 3.27 | 18,000 |
| 1888..... | 3.42 | 19,000 |
| 1889..... | 2.04 | 47,468 |
| 1890..... | 1.55 | 61,281 |
| 1891..... | .66 | 150,000 |
| 1892..... | .66 | 259,885 |
| 1893..... | .75 | 333,629 |
| 1894..... | .37 | 550,000 |
| 1895..... | — | 920,000 |
| 1896..... | — | 1,300,000 |
| 1897..... | — | 4,000,000 |
| 1898..... | — | 5,200,000 |
| 1899..... | — | 6,500,000 |
| 1900..... | .33 | 7,150,000 |

Now, here is a matter in economics that is worth noting. The Hall process has had the market to itself for nearly ten years. The Hall process is owned by the Pittsburgh Reduction Company, which has extensive works at Pittsburgh and at Niagara Falls, at which latter place the cheap electricity furnished by the Niagara Falls Power Company is utilized. The Pittsburgh Reduction

Company, therefore, absolutely controls the world's market for aluminium because it has a monopoly of the only economical process of reduction. We have here the unique condition of a world's useful metal absolutely under the domination of a single corporation. There is no parallel to this condition of affairs in all commercial history.

A monopoly is sometimes essential to progress, and this aluminium reducing monopoly is a case in point. If it were not that the Pittsburgh Reduction Company had enjoyed an absolute control of its field during its period of test, experiment and introduction, there is reason to think that aluminium would still be something of a metallic curiosity costing a dollar or more a pound. Here was not a commodity for which the world was crying out, and in which a healthy competition would serve to lower the cost to the public. The world had got along fairly well for some thousands of years without the metal. There is every probability that it would have worried along without it for some thousands of years to come. Aluminium, with all its advantages, like everything else that is new, requires something more than mere discovery to make it popular. It needs introduction and understanding. No savage community, no Afric tribe or Polynesian settlement requires more persuasion to accept the blessings of civilization than do civilized peoples to accept and pay for its new developments. In the history of inventions there may have been a few that were instantly hailed by the public as things needful, instantly adopted and paid for as such. But at this writing I do not recall such a case. After the weary search that ends in discovery, after the travail that precedes the birth of an invention, there is yet to come the period of introduction and exploitation.

This is the period through which aluminium is even now passing. The Pittsburgh Reduction Company had to do more than merely make the metal—it has had actually to create the market for it. It had first to learn, by long and costly experiment and test, just what the metal was fitted for, and just what it was not fitted for. These things learned, the former must be demonstrated to the public. Then the raw metal must be worked up into the finished articles of consumption; manufacturers had to be encouraged to start, and taught how to handle the new material. All this done, there was still the market to create. Aluminium will go into industrial history as a classic case of a

supply creating a demand, the reverse of the rule in economics.

All these things have been accomplished in considerably less than ten years. They have been accomplished the quicker, easier and better for the fact that the Reduction Company has had no competition in its field. It has had, therefore, nothing to distract its attention, restrict its opportunities or curtail its expenditures. It could afford to risk experiment. One of the simplest of all the natural laws of merchandising enforced that the price to the consumer should be kept as low as it possibly could be. The keenest competition could do no more.

The result has been a reduction of price from \$3.42 a pound in 1888, to an average price of 30 cents a pound to-day, the substitution of a commercial commodity for a chemical curiosity, and the introduction of a new metal to the arts on a basis scientific and sound. The future of aluminium is not definitely settled, perhaps, but enough at least is known of it to make it certain that it has a future, and one most brilliant.

It is obvious that you cannot inject an a solutely new element into a thoroughly organized situation without the probability of a rearrangement of affairs. Either the new factor will fail to hold its place, and be crowded into obscurity, or it will seize upon the position held by another, and crowd that one out. Now, here is aluminium suddenly introduced to the guild of the useful metals. Can it maintain a place among them? And, if it does, which one of the older members must make room for it? Or will all of them contract a little to give the stranger space?

Well, the struggle is on, now. At first, the newcomer was not aggressive. It was contented with picking up such odds and ends of usefulness as the others did not care especially for, and for which it was especially fitted; chiefly in the making of little trinkets and advertising novelties. But as its strength grew and its footing became more assured, it has been seeking a position of more importance. And it is now beginning to make faces, so to speak, at copper as a challenge to a pitched industrial battle.

At first glimpse it would seem that copper had little to fear. Its price, in sheets and ingots, is less than thirteen cents a pound at this time of writing, as against thirty cents a pound for aluminium. But it must be remembered that a given volume of copper weighs more than three times the same volume of aluminium, so that a sheet of it, for

example, of a certain size and thickness, would actually cost more than a similar sheet of the lighter metal.

Aluminium is almost equal to copper in ductility—that is, it can be drawn into wire about as well. And it has some lovable qualities all its own. It tarnishes slowly, and is absolutely unaffected by many of the acids and influences that attack copper fiercely and with success. It is even more malleable than copper, being surpassed in this regard only by gold itself.

On the other hand, it is not so strong nor so stiff as copper, and it melts much easier. Neither is it copper's equal in electrical conductivity, and that is a serious handicap in the battle with that metal, for an overwhelming proportion of all the copper mined to-day is used for electric conductors. But here again, its light weight comes into prominence. Electrical conductivity depends entirely on the size (cross section) of the conductor used. The conductivity of an aluminium wire is sixty per cent. of that of a copper wire of the same size. Therefore, an aluminium wire half as large again as a copper wire will more than equal it in conductivity and weigh considerably less. As a matter of fact, aluminium wire made large enough to equal copper in conductivity and tensile strength is on the market now at a price per mile that is materially less than that of copper wire. The challenge is made—if, indeed, the battle has not really been begun. And the attack on copper is to be made at its strongest point—its electrical bastion.

The points of aluminium most in its favor are its light weight and its cleanliness. It retains its beautiful silvery lustre in the face of conditions that reduce most metals to corrosion. In this respect it is superior to silver, and almost equal to gold. A metal superbly clean and light suggests itself at once as one eminently fit for household utensils. If it cost as much as silver, it would undoubtedly threaten silver itself in its entrenched position on the dining tables of the land. But, being cheap, it goes to the kitchen and squares off at the iron, tinned and enameled pots and kettles and pans.

When householders understand the new metal, it is expected that the struggle in the kitchen will be short, sharp and decisive. There can be no question as to the advantage of aluminium utensils.

It is perhaps too much to say that the acids and salts of cookery have no effect whatever upon aluminium pots and pans.

The metal will tarnish to an extent, and will blacken under certain infrequent conditions, such, for example, as the presence of a large percentage of alkali in the water used. But this tarnishing is so trifling in comparison with that which iron or copper would show under similar conditions, as to be all but negligible. Moreover, when it does occur, the metal can be restored to its original lustre with very little trouble. An aluminium kettle can almost be rinsed clean. Grease doesn't seem to stick to it at all. One-fifth of the scouring that a cook gives to an iron pot or pan would make aluminium shine like silver.

Water in an aluminium kettle will boil quicker than that in an iron kettle, under the same conditions. Moreover, the scorching of the contents of an aluminium cooking utensil is an accident that can seldom occur. All these good points, added to the lustre and beauty and lightness of the metal, which would in themselves atone for many faults, give aluminium an assurance of a brilliant future in the kitchen. It is not at all handicapped by its slightly greater cost, even in its rivalry with the common tin pan, for an aluminium pan will outlast a dozen tin ones. Tin pans are made of sheet iron, coated with tin, and every housekeeper knows what happens as soon as the thin tin coating is worn a little. You will never see rust on aluminium. Every article for table use which is made in silver is now duplicated in aluminium, and for table use the latter metal has every advantage of silver, except that it lacks the curious glamor of costliness. It is too early to say just what success the new metal will have in this field. The demand is large, and the physical superiority of the lighter, less tarnishable metal quite obvious. An aluminium spoon, for example, is only brightened by vinegar and salt, and the sulphurous yelk that blackens the silver spoon has no effect whatever on the other. Yet it is not expected that families that can afford silver will ever use aluminium on their tables. In this respect silver does not fight its industrial battle fairly, for it sneaks behind a human frailty and lies secure. Campers, yachtsmen, tourists, and people who cannot have solid silver and dislike plated articles, however, give aluminium a wide field in this regard.

The same qualities of lightness and cleanliness make aluminium valuable for all scientific instruments in which sharp edges or points and great strength of metal are not

required. In this field there seems to be no doubt that it will drive out both silver and brass. Surgical instruments, other than those which must cut or pierce, are being made of aluminium now, and growing in popularity. They are entirely unaffected by any of the acids of secretion, and rise superior to rust and discoloration from exposure to air or moisture.

When some genius invented aluminium paint, he came very close to attaining the unique position which, as I have stated, had, within my memory, never been reached. Aluminium paint jumped into favor from the very moment that its advantages were tested. It consists, chiefly, of metallic aluminium, very finely ground, and when an article is coated with it, that article is practically aluminium plated, and consequently weather and rust proof. This is the bright, silvery, untarnishable coating that you are beginning to become familiar with on letter mailing boxes and weighing machines. It is being used a great deal on iron lamp-posts and fence railings of late, and, in fact, on all metal work that is exposed to the weather. Here, again, the metal has an assured future.

Now these are substantially all the purposes of general interest for which the new metal has been found valuable up to this writing. It has a further field in certain combinations with other metals—that is, as an alloy—which will be mentioned later, but as a metal, its present usefulness is substantially confined to the purposes above stated. Is it, then, “the metal of the future?”

The weight of opinion seems to justify an affirmative answer. The list given above seems very short—fancy how the list of the applications of iron would spin out in comparison! On the other hand, would the record of the achievements in the arts of copper, zinc, silver, gold—of any metal other than iron—in fact, surpass it? And, upon that standard of judgment does it not seem fair to say that the promise of the future is to place aluminium next to iron in industrial importance? That place is held to-day by copper. Copper's importance in the industrial field is chiefly due to two things—first, its electrical properties, second, because it is one of the constituents of brass, a combination metal which probably has a wider range of uses than even copper itself. As stated, aluminium is already threatening copper in its electrical field, and, giving it the ally of an alloy, it may succeed in equaling brass in all its uses, as it does already

in some of them. Aluminium can compete with copper in cost on at least equal ground, and there is every probability that it will shortly gain further advantage on this point. If, therefore, it can equal or surpass copper in copper's chosen fields, and possesses, in addition, dominant strength in fields wherein copper cannot hope to compete, has not aluminium all the elements that go to the making of a favorite in the race?

There seems to be little probability that aluminium will ever rise higher than second place in importance. It cannot compete with iron in any of iron's principal lines of usefulness. In alloyed form it has been tried for structural purposes, but so far with indifferent success, unless under certain exceptional conditions.

Its weak points are these: The pure metal is soft, is weak, melts at a comparatively low temperature, and cannot be welded, brazed or soldered except with uncertainty and difficulty. It is softer than pure gold—in fact, very little harder than lead. It melts at a temperature that would barely serve to make iron red hot. Obviously, this is not a metal to be used for structural purposes.

But it has been found that aluminium is affected to a remarkable extent by alloys of other metals. When hardness and strength are desired of it, it must strike hands with its rival, copper. Aluminium and copper make aluminium bronze, and for that metal there is a future simply glittering with rich possibilities. Aluminium bronze is hard as steel, strong as steel, much lighter and non-corrosive. It is, as yet, however, rather a costly metal.

Aluminium alloys with all the metals except lead, and it may be that a combination will be hit upon that will give it the advantage over steel even for structural purposes, and that this combination can be brought down to the level of steel even in cost. But there is no present evidence of the probability of such an achievement.

For purposes where lightness is desired to the exclusion of considerations of great strength and cost, aluminium to-day has no competitor. In this great field it stands absolutely alone, and its presence there transforms into possibilities what were only idle dreams before its arrival. The airship of the future will be built of the metal of the future, and if we get the airship, as we un-

doubtedly shall, it will be because aluminium made it possible.

The metal has already been tried in marine work—notably in the case of the cup-yacht *Defender*—but not with encouraging success. It was certainly a success in the case of the *Defender*, but that was an ideal case where expense did not count. In practical work it is found too costly as yet to compete with iron and wood. Moreover, it has certain physical disabilities that are brought into disagreeable prominence in salt water. The metal is electropositive to a very high degree. That means that whenever it is brought into contact with any other of the common metals, in the presence of any acid or alkaline moisture, a galvanic couple is formed in which the aluminium is the metal attacked. In such cases it will corrode, and rapidly. It is eaten away by electrolytic action, just as the zinc in an ordinary battery is destroyed. Even by itself, without the corrupting companionship of other metals, pure aluminium will not stand salt water, although many of its alloys are unaffected by it.

This, then, is the case of Aluminium against Other Metals, stated impartially. Is it the metal of the future?

It is a metal as beautiful as silver, almost as malleable as gold, almost as ductile as copper, as untarnishable as tin, lighter than any of these, and infinitely more abundant. It may be said with almost no departure from scientific accuracy, that aluminium possesses, or can be endowed with, all the properties of these metals that make them desirable to man, and surpasses them all on two other points. It is markedly inferior to these only in the features of cheapness and strength, but it is gaining ground every day in both.

The position of aluminium in importance and usefulness will be settled on the eventual balance between its merits and defects. That is a natural law, as applicable to a discovery as to a human being or a dog. Aluminium is the metal of the future within such lines as the future shall draw around its net advantages over other metals. Outside these lines, it might as well have remained in its original state, hugging its oxygen love in the peace of a clay bank. But the field described by these lines is already large, it is certain to be larger, and it may be largest of all.



"To the other attractions of the Fernery has been added a fascinating tea room."

THE REDUCED GENTLEWOMAN

BY ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS

"I THINK I'd like to be a companion."

It was the little widow's first concession to her dwindling funds and the landlady's sour looks.

The manager of the employment bureau sent a quick glance at the sensitive face under the black veil and sighed. She had heard the same sentence so often. She explained, as she had a hundred times before, that in America, companion usually means secretary, lady's maid, seamstress and attendant rolled into one.

"Why, I thought," faltered the widow, "that a companion sat and read and sewed with some one, and went out to drive with her, and to the theatre, and took trips with her, and such things."

"Only in novels," replied the manager.

"That won't do, then," sighed the widow.

"I'd better be a governess."

"I suppose you know French and German and music?"

The widow shook her head. "No, I was

married at eighteen, and I didn't get in a great deal of schooling before that."

When the manager told her that governess positions were few and far between, anyway, and that dozens of women who could speak French and German as they spoke English, and multitudes of college girls and trained kindergarteners were waiting to snap them up, the little widow, with a bewildered look, retired into the waiting-room reserved for applicants, and a well-dressed, middle-aged woman took her place. She wished to be a housekeeper in a large hotel. She had heard that the position paid well.

"I suppose you have had experience?" ventured the manager.

"Why, no," said the applicant; "I've always boarded, but I'm sure I could direct the servants what to do, and it would make a pleasant, comfortable home for me."

When she found out that a hotel housekeeper rose at six and worked like a slave until she went to bed, the corners of her

irresolute mouth trembled and she went the way of the little widow.

"That's the most pathetic illusion of the reduced gentlewoman," said the manager of the bureau as the door closed behind the last candidate. "She selects just what she can't do, and then expects to get a pleasant home and three meals a day in return for not doing it."

It is the universal illusion of the newly-reduced gentlewoman everywhere. Still, not having it, but keeping it, is what makes a heart-weary, bedraggled failure out of her. She has excuse enough for her mistaken idea, poor thing. Suddenly shaken out of her orbit by some misfortune, and left to shift for herself, why should she not try to find the easiest way out? She always does, and that is the reason that patient middlemen between the reduced gentlewoman and her employer, are constantly overwhelmed with applications for ladylike positions. Such positions are about as plentiful as blackberries on a January hillside. But it usually takes more than the unsupported word of the employment bureau's manager to convince the applicant of her error. She thinks the bureau is at fault. Soon afterward an advertisement appears, tucked away in the column of a Sunday newspaper.

Lady of culture and refinement, reduced in circumstances, wishes position as companion or in the household. Would travel. Home more object than salary. Address Lady's Companion, —.

The few lines represent much anxious thought and several of the reduced lady's fast disappearing quarters. But in confident expectation she sits in her cheap hall bedroom with her trunk packed, ready to accept the first offer that will release her from the miseries of her cheap boarding-house. When the answerless days slipping by have rolled up her board bill alarmingly, and made disappointment a certainty, she goes back to the employment bureau or strikes out on some original economic line.

Then it is that the reduced gentlewoman proves what is in her. She enlists herself with the workers of the world. She puts behind the things that are past, adjusts herself to a matter-of-fact commercial world that demands an eye for an eye and work for wages, or she doesn't. The widow who wished to be a companion returned to the labor exchange after a due interval of chastening and asked for invalid nursing. Long experience with a delicate husband had given her the necessary training, and her intelligence and sympathy soon won her

a reputation and as much work as she could do. Independent and self-supporting, she faced the world bravely, and left friends wherever she went.

Women, like the courageous little widow who revised her list of marketable talents, took up her burden and shouldered her way out of misfortune, is taking the place and carrying the problem of the reduced gentlewoman a little nearer its solution. But with all the determination she can muster, her lot is hard enough. Still, society does its best to make her way easy, and if reduced gentlewoman she must be, she should give thanks that it is to-day, instead of even twenty years ago. At that time, only by teaching, could a "lady" earn money and expect to keep her social position. If she lost her natural supporter and had next to nothing to live on, and couldn't teach, what was she to do? Why, be genteel and live on next to nothing, of course. She could turn



"She can put out a sign, 'Rooms and Board.'"

and re-turn her dresses, trim over a ten-year-old bonnet, mend her tablecloth until there were more darns than material, and still be eligible for the most exclusive party and the most brilliant *musical* of her town. But let her resent the process of slow

starvation, and earn money by the labor of her hands, the door of her society shut behind her with a snap, and callers and invitations know her no more.

Two maiden ladies a quarter of a century ago, it is true, with family portraits and Dutch ancestors, the social leaders of a small, aristocratic city, who did not feel in duty bound to fade out of existence through hunger, began to color children's books for a New York firm, instead. It was before the discovery of our modern color processes,

drinks a cup of Lady ——'s best tea, flavored with his own milk and her most gracious smile, and goes his way without reproach.

Whatever she does, we extend the same courtesy to the reduced gentlewoman if she is personally able to claim it, as several New York society women, thrown on friends or their own efforts for a living, have proved to their own happiness and the encouragement of their more timid sisters in misfortune. One of them, with a remarkable comprehension of business principles, started a charity for the well-to-do sick. She began a few years ago with a tiny back room, half a boy and ambition. Now she has two floors beautifully furnished, half-a-dozen branches to her enterprise, and energy to spare for clubs, charities and social functions enough to use up all the time of the average woman.

"It was simply applied experience," she answered, when some one asked her how she happened to think of such an unusual occupation. "Why, bless you, the very rich find it just about as easy to get invalid food as a family in a Hester



Reception Room at the Home Bureau.

and as the two did exquisite work, they earned a comfortable living. It was as dainty and ladylike an occupation as the most particular gentlewoman could find the world over. But these dignified ladies would have danced a skirt dance in the church aisle sooner than they would have acknowledged their secret. The books were smuggled in and out like stolen goods, and the work was done behind closed doors with covered keyholes. Their nearest and dearest had no suspicion of their "demeaning occupation."

We are a healthy distance away from such a social attitude, perhaps because in this day of sudden financial ups and downs any one's turn may come next. Respect for work, so long as it is honest, seems to be gaining ground in the cosmic mind. Even royalty-worshipping England is responding to it. Lord ——, left penniless, went into the milk business, and his lordly milk carts now parade the London streets like any commoner's. More wonderful still, while his dairy products are going through Lady ——'s back door, he enters the front door,

Street tenement. That's really so. The *chef* pockets the salary of a bank president and rules the kitchen. He can get up a dinner that makes his employers a nine days' wonder. But when they send down for a cup of simple mutton broth for a patient, you should see what his aristocratic hands prepare. Simple! He couldn't make a simple dish to save his talented soul. His concoction would be a treasure for an epicure, but for a sick person it's just slow poison.

"I knew all about it. I hadn't forgotten the time when my brother came to me perfectly at his wits' end. With a dozen servants, a *chef* and two trained nurses, his wife was slipping away before his very eyes, after a long fever, because she couldn't get the right kind of food. 'For Heaven's sake, what am I to do?' he groaned.

"Do? Why, let me cook what she needs and send it over," I said.

"I had taken lessons in invalid cooking for fun, and I loved dabbling in it, anyway. But it was earnest work, I tell you, when I started in to save my sister's life. There wasn't a circle of fat the size of a pin head

on the broth I sent over, and if ever it was cooked to the queen's taste it was then. She took a cupful and wanted more. The day was won, and I played cook till she was strong enough to stand the *chef's* elaborate dishes. I hadn't a ghost of a thought then of ever using my talent for invalid cooking to make money. I had all I needed. But when I was left with nothing a year, the idea of a Home Bureau, to furnish proper food for the sick, flashed into my mind. The doctors I consulted said it was a capital idea, and it certainly has proved so."

To begin with, the bureau furnished only a few invalid delicacies—broths, gruels and jellies, prepared as scientifically as a chemist's prescription, and then put up in the most alluring shape possible. Now it has enough articles on its list to supply a whole army of invalids, each with a different complaint, and not only in the city, but all over the country, from Maine to California, patients receive the wares of the bureau in their pretty wrappings and spotless boxes and find the way of nourishment made easy.

The bureau has baby customers, too, whose milk, combined and sterilized as it should be, is delivered every morning. If the family goes abroad "baby's food on the ship" is no longer the mother's bugbear, because when the little autocrat of the household goes up the gangplank in the nurse's arms, sterilized milk for the voyage, supplied by the Home Bureau, goes, too. It is so perfectly packed that it never spoils, even the milk that was once sent over from New York to Europe for a delicate baby to use on the return trip was sweet after two voyages, when the ship landed in New York again, and it had proved the salvation, besides, of another baby, whose supply of sterilized milk, bought on the European side, had spoiled the second day out.

The founder of the Home Bureau has added other branches as the need for them has been shown, among them a Nurses' Registry, and a department for renting all kinds of sick-room furniture. The latter is

a convenience appreciated by any one who lives in an apartment, and after a temporary sickness, which required cumbersome paraphernalia, has had to face the problem of disposing of it or living out on the fire-escape. A surgical department has also been opened where surgical supplies of every kind can be purchased in one room. But most attractive of all is the nursery. No necessity or comfort or luxury of childhood is missing, from the first pair of tiny socks for the wee-est baby to kilts and pinafores, tops and dolls for sturdy boys and dainty girls. The old-fashioned method of getting an outfit for the children was a wearisome succession of visits to the departments of a dry goods store, pilgrimages to the shoe store, to the furniture store, the jewelers, the toy shop, and half-a-dozen other places, till the weary mother was ready for a sanitarium. But now seated in a comfortable chair at the Home Bureau, within a space of twenty feet square, she can buy or



The Surgical Department at the Home Bureau.

order anything she wishes, simple or elaborate, expensive or inexpensive, for the little stranger within the gates or the ten-year-old, as her need may be.

The Home Bureau is one of the most original occupations that a woman's financial imagination has conceived. Another is the Fernery, opposite one of the largest hotels in New York. This is the enterprise of two young society women, with a talent for decoration, who met their reverses by put-

ting their Pegasus to the plough, with excellent success. The shop, with its green-growing things and white background, is a convincing tribute to the artistic skill of the proprietors, and the visitor, after a glimpse of it is not surprised to hear that they are up to their eyes in work, decorating for a big dinner or a fashionable church wedding, and to learn from their patrons that what they do, has the delightful charm which comes from artistic genius. To the other attractions of the Fernery has been added a fascinating tea room where my lady may have her luncheon or her afternoon tea in a bower of greenery, with a deft maid to supply her wants, the noise and confusion of busy New York as remote as if she were in Paradise.

A little further up the same street, another society woman is demonstrating the possibilities of interior house decorating and furnishing, as a means of support. In a picturesque confusion of the cheery things suitable for winter, or the pretty warm-weather furniture—delicate wall papers, cool hangings, and fragile knickknacks for summer houses, she gathers in orders from her wealthy patrons whose pleasure in spending is her bread and butter. To the manner born, as she is, she knows by experience what her customers want and how they want it, and when she has finished with bedroom or dining-room, reception-room or parlor, it has not a trace of the ready-made furniture store air that the ordinary interior decorator cannot escape if he tries a hundred years.

All these successful society business women took the thing they could do best and made it commercially useful. "That's what I believe in," said the presiding genius of the Bureau of Social Requirements, another novel enterprise. "Let the woman who must earn her own living do what she is fitted to do. But mercy me, so often when she loses her money,

she loses her head, too. She wants to teach mathematics when she doesn't know that twice two is four, or conduct a party to Europe when she has never been beyond the Battery. Social usages and customs I happen to know about from *a* to *z*. I realized by experience what a premium minutes were at, in a busy society life, so when I woke up and found myself next to penniless, I started this institution for saving other people's time and called it a Bureau of Social Requirements. I'm a social and industrial encyclopedia for my patrons, warranted to give information on any subject from the size of visiting cards to proper dress costume in Zululand," said the proprietor, cheerily. "That is one part of our work, but it really has as many sides as a polyhedron, and whatever our patrons want, if it is in Christendom, we mean to give them. We furnish a cook, a hairdresser, a trunkpacker, a seamstress, or a teacher of Sanscrit, as the case may be. We insure our patrons' lives, sell them houses and rent their own. We also manage parties. The would-be hostess gives us her invitation list and the date, and then stops thinking about it. We arrange decorations, entertainment, supper, everything, and she walks down into the parlor on the night appointed as free from care as one of her guests."

The Bureau of Social Requirements also packs up houses for the summer. The family simply takes its trunks and leaves. Then enters the bureau's general. Under her supervision, the house is cleaned as thoroughly as if it were her own. Draperies are packed and everything made-shipsshape for its summer seclusion. In the fall the house is put in holiday attire once more, and the mother of the family, if she does what she ought, as she enters her sweet, clean domicile, says a little prayer of thanksgiving for the trouble she has been spared.



The Woman's Exchange, New York.



A Corner in the Woman's Exchange.

The woman who hates housekeeping, may, if she wishes, be a guest in her own house and put her burden on the capable manager of the bureau, who, as visiting housekeeper, will engage servants, manage them, do the marketing and keep the wheels running smoothly all the while.

Out of luxury into self-support is not an ideal change. With all its discomfort, however, the financial downfall of a society woman is rather a dramatic performance. The step from ballroom to office desk is a stage climax. Her commercial career begins with the glitter of footlights and the sympathy of friends.

"It's easy enough for such as her to get a living," snaps Mrs. John Jones to herself, when she has finished reading the account of Society's Latest Recruit to Business, in the paper. "But what can I do? John sick and his job lost; not a rich friend to my name. She just sits down and things come to her, while I—— well, I'll have everlastingly to scratch or we'll both starve."

Mrs. John Jones, don't believe it for an

instant. Work is work the world over. If you could go to the Fernery and see how its proprietors toil, how they roll up their sleeves, metaphorically at least, and pitch into what they have to do with all their might, you'd get an idea about the green-room of business that might help you. Or if you could be the founder of the Bureau of Social Requirements for a week, do forty things in an hour, all day long, be all things to all households, fill orders, manage entertainments and the rest, and incidentally straighten out the hundreds of tangles that come wherever two or more persons are gathered together, you would be ready for nervous prostration or your own lot.

"Business is business," said one of the successful society business women. "It isn't a joke, and it's no use to pretend it is. 'Pull' only gives you an introduction, and after that you must stand or fall on your own merits."

That is perfectly true, and the sooner Mrs. John Jones understands it the better for her peace of mind. But when she is

convicted of error and started on her self-reliant way, the candid person must secretly admit that she has a harder row to hoe than her society sister. "Pull," in this imperfect world, happens to count amazingly, especially in launching a business. To spell success, "pull" must be backed by energy. But Mrs. John Smith, plus the energy and minus the pull, must usually start her business ventures in a very modest way. Social belles as business women are the conspicuous minority. It is the Mrs. John Jones that make up the great rank and file of indigent gentlewomen. They are the problem over which society lies awake nights, and the remedies suggested only solve half the equative after all, and x is left x .

Mrs. John Jones can't go out and wash by the day or scour the streets for scraps

example of a lady of high birth, devoted to animals, in her luxurious days, who began to earn money, when she needed to, by taking pussies to board while their owners were out of town. Now she has a full-grown animal farm, out on Staten Island, where she not only boards well cats and cures sick ones, but buys and sells the aristocrats of catdom, as well. She has pussies whose pedigree would put a titled family's to shame. Chinchilla kittens, a Topaz beauty, an Angora with blue eyes from Asia Minor that has traveled two hundred miles on a camel's back, made long sea voyages and railroad trips, in its eight months of life, and is just as undignified and playful as a common yellow cat, and any number of costly cats, besides. Dogs are admitted, too, and from a safe distance Mistress Puss



"Pussies whose pedigree would put a titled family's to shame."

and kindling. She can't work in somebody else's kitchen, even if she is willing. "Oh, I couldn't give orders to one of my equals," is the phrase that bars her out. Provided with a house, she can put out the sign, "Rooms and Board," and join the great army of boarding-house keepers. If she can learn to sheathe her sensitive nerves, and profit by complaints, she may sometime become a success in her line and be as happy in her work as in anything else. With land in the country, and an aptitude for gardening, she may grow roses or start violet beds, as so many women have done before her. Or she may go to the Home for Reduced Gentlewomen in Groton, Massachusetts, where horticulture is taught, and learn to make more elaborate agricultural experiments.

If she happens to be a country woman with a love for animals she may follow the

and Master Tray learn to bear and forbear. If the reduced gentlewoman has even a small apartment and is wise about birds, she may take up the new occupation that a bright young woman invented a short time ago by turning bird doctor and opening a boarding-house and hospital for feathered pets. The little creatures, it seems, have never had any real scientific study, and have died again and again because no one knew what to do for them. In the bird doctor's apartment, the hale and hearty little paying guests

in one room have the merriest kind of a singing contest, and the patients in the hospital ward at the other end of the hall improve under the skilful care of one who loves them. The bird's temperature is taken as carefully as a human patient's, sick birds are laid on tiny hot water bags, broken legs are put in splints, all bird diseases and accidents are met with the best remedies. It is delightful work, and the need of it is great. The reduced gentlewoman, if she really knows birds and can pay the rent of an apartment, might go further and fare worse.

But supposing she hasn't a house and doesn't live in the country, and can't afford even an apartment; supposing she has just her two hands and a tiny little box of a room; what can she do then?

"Why, every woman," says the philo-

sophical philanthropist shaking an emphatic forefinger, "every woman should be taught how she could earn her living, just as she is taught her *a, b, c*. Then she'd be perfectly safe in misfortune." Would she be? How about the teacher with the Normal School training, who left the schoolroom for a home, and absorbed in new, delightful personal experiences for five years, was suddenly left to support herself and her child? She had been a good teacher, but methods had changed. Even in that time, college girls had become a commonplace instead of a rarity. A diploma and a degree—these were the educational requirements everywhere. She did not have them, so she was bowed out of the door politely. Do something she must. She happened to see an advertisement for a demonstrator at six dollars a week. She applied, secured the position, and in a store, where she had been a patron, began her duty of extolling her wares to any one who would listen. She lived through the first week. She even controlled her smiles when the lady inventor of the article, each day, walked up to her booth, *incognita*, while trade was thickest, and said in an impressive tone:

"I liked my first bottle so much, please give me three more. They come cheaper by the three, don't they?" Then the other customers, like sheep, followed her example, and bottles went over the counter at a great rate.

The demonstrator did her work so conscientiously and thoroughly that a tea company very soon offered her a position at fifteen dollars a week, and sent her about to societies and clubs to explain the virtues of their tea. After a time the managership of a charitable bureau was left vacant. The directors could not find just the one they wanted. Then some club member said: "The tea woman—she's a lady and so efficient. Don't you suppose we could get her?"

Nobody knew her name, but they managed to find her, and with their offer of the posi-

tion, support for herself and her child was assured.

Pluck and faithfulness were the demonstrator's trump cards. Her special training availed her nothing. It is not the panacea for all the frayed gentlewoman's financial ills, then, Mr. Philanthropist. The working world forges ahead, and more than one woman, skilful in her music or drawing or French or what not, stopping for a while, has been left behind by a progressive present.

What, then, can the reduced gentlewoman do? General knowledge that can be particularly applied, or a talent that does not go



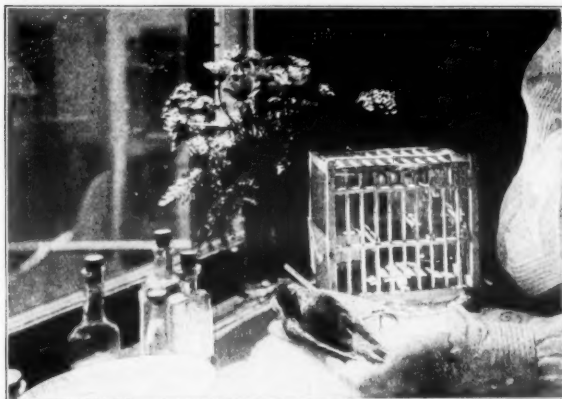
At the Cattery.

On the right an Angora with blue eyes from Asia Minor, that has traveled two hundred miles on a camel's back, made long sea voyages and railroad trips in its eight months of life.

out of fashion are her best weapons, perhaps, but even if she has things to offer, how can she get purchasers, without spending the money that she doesn't possess for advertising? A country home, and an acre of roses! What use are they, for instance, unless she has a market. She can't rent a store or set up a flower stand on Broadway. How shall she reach the public? A thrifty woman out on Long Island living all alone with her garden knows a way. For many years her asters, her bachelor's buttons, her cinnamon pinks and all the other sweet, old-fashioned flowers of pinafore and grandmother days have been earning her living and bringing freshness to jaded city patrons

through the kindly offices of the Woman's Exchange.

We have no better institution than this for helping the novice in the business world. For the woman without financial backing or influential friends, it fills the place of capi-



"The bird's temperature is taken as carefully as a human patient's."

talist and "pull," concentrates demand and supply, and gives her a market.

Mrs. Choate discovered this method of meeting the reduced gentlewoman's needs, twenty-four years ago, and opened the exchange with a consignor or two, and half-a-dozen articles displayed on a table three feet square. Now the Exchange fills a whole house on Madison Avenue, its consignors number hundreds, and the articles gathered for sale run into the thousands.

When the visitor remembers that each one of them is the work of a woman of gentle birth, earning her living, the exquisite things become a human document of pathos and bravery. It was a wrench, was it not, unknown consignor, to part with that old family silver, on the counter, those laces of former generations, those quaint old jewels in the case? But it was better than dependence. And supporting one's self by making the lovely things here, there and everywhere is not easy, is it? The monument of industry who has made three thousand pincushions in six years, and who has fashionable stocks like those on the table, in half-a-dozen exchanges will testify to that. But out of the proceeds she supports herself and several others. What does the hard work count that brings such a reward! The consignor may make her connection with the public, too, and still do her work in her own home.

Her identity also remains a secret and her pride is saved. Pride, more is the pity! is often the most painful possession of the reduced gentlewoman. It hurts her woe-fully, yet she clings to it as if it were Northern Pacific stocks. But, pride after all, is only a misfit of values. She tries to apply old standards to new conditions, and they don't apply. When some one asked the tea woman long ago if she didn't think that standing in a dry goods store, peddling things, hurt her dignity, she replied: "I consider my dignity so much larger than anything I do that no honest work could hurt it. Charity would."

If only other reduced gentlewomen could adopt the same point of view, and put their pride in their pockets on occasion, for safekeeping, there would be fewer wet pillows at night among them, fewer who would turn from the thing at hand with the comment: "That's beneath me." Still, where pride is not allowed to interfere with the reduced gentlewoman's best financial welfare, no one would grudge it to her, and the Woman's Exchange is both wise and merciful in making her difficult way as easy as it can.

Indeed, the Woman's Exchange has a record of good deeds long enough to carry it through a dozen purgatories. Its employment bureau has helped many women to positions, and the cooking department, that Paradise of toothsome dainties—if the people who have been consuming its pies and cakes and other delicacies for twenty-four years, could know how many women their purchases have saved from despair, they might feel that charity and pleasure had been most beautifully combined, and take more credit to themselves than they deserved.

The exchange is a compendium of suggestions for the woman with her way to earn, and a bureau for practical advice, as well. When the latest recruit walks in and says, with a brave little smile, "I must do something to earn money," she finds a kindly interested woman ready to help her to the best way. If she sews well and has a creative imagination for fancy things, her most

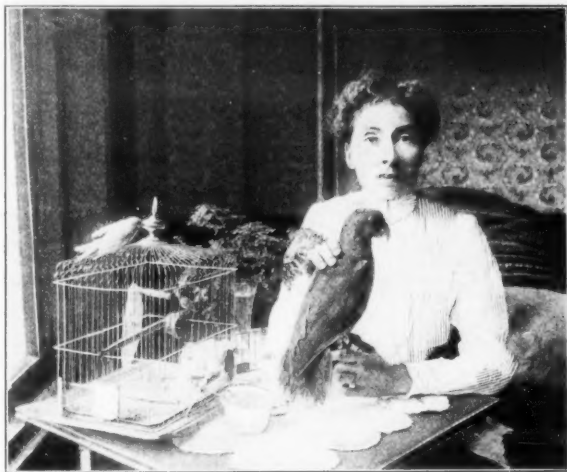
hopeful chance is in that department; or cooking may be her *forte*. Then, perhaps, she can invent some delicious novelty that will be as popular as the cunning little individual pies by which one dear old lady has made her living for twenty years. Anything she wishes to do, from making salted almonds to starting a circulating library, the Exchange will help her about, even to discovering a talent that she did not know she had.

Another society, established a short time ago, comes to the rescue of the gentlewoman, whose position—teacher, governess, whatever it is—demands that she shall dress well. She can no more afford to buy the clothes she needs, out of her salary, than to take a trip to Europe. Accordingly this society solicits clothes from its wealthy friends who throw away gowns and wraps for newer ones, almost before the basting threads are out, and then offers them in its rooms to the reduced gentlewoman certain afternoons in the week. In this way she may get what she needs to make herself presentable, for a nominal sum, that, nevertheless keeps her from feeling like an object of charity.

The Ten Cent Society, into which each well-to-do member pays ten cents at stated intervals, proves a blessed relief for those caught in desperate straits, as was a woman of sixty, a short time ago, who after a comfortable life was ekeing out a pitiful existence by sewing. She was weeks behind in her rent, and her room was dearer than she could afford. But it was pay or stay, and try as she would, each seven days the dreadful arrears piled higher and higher, until recommended by a contributor, she borrowed a sum of money from the Ten Cent Society, without interest, paid her rent, moved to a cheaper room, and managed to get her head above water again.

Benevolent Labor Bureaus and Employment Offices, Young Women's Christian Associations, Women's Exchanges and a dozen other societies are doing their best to fit the reduced gentlewoman into her economic niche. With so many women's occupa-

tions to choose from, theoretically it seems easy enough for her to find one. But, oh, the weariness of the search! The futile, footsore days answering advertisements; the failure of her little gamble with fate; the desperate conviction that no one wants her work, before the first blessed sign of encouragement comes. Hers is the problem of labor everywhere, only harder. The working woman born to her task, knowing the laws of business usage, trained to economics, finds the struggle with much work and small wages bitter enough. But the reduced gen-



The Bird Doctor.

tlewoman is in still worse plight. Untrained, ornamental rather than useful, she must accept the wages of the inexperienced, and use a wisdom in spending them that she has never known.

Still, if she is not broken down or ill (God pity the reduced gentlewoman who is, and society open its purse strings for her!), if she has average intelligence and a strong body, she will probably manage to work her way to some solution or other. She will not find her life a playground, but she may develop shoulders fitted to the burden. If she grapples with circumstances to master them, and courageously ignores the hardships of her lot, she will reach success, and even find perhaps in the new strenuous path, the joy of the doing that was lacking in the old. The way out for her is the way out for all women—through competence and efficiency to whatever she most desires.



SAILING AROUND CAPE HORN

By PAUL EVE STEVENSON

OCCASIONALLY one sees in a daily paper a few lines in an obscure section of the journal that read like this:

"Word has been received by the agents that the American ship *Katahdin*, from New York April 1st, for San Francisco, has arrived at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, in a damaged condition owing to gales encountered off Cape Horn."

How many readers give the notice more than a moment's thought, or even vaguely appreciate the amount of hardship and suffering veiled in the simple announcement?

Far down in the south, not so very far from the Antarctic Circle, rises the storm-lashed cone of the most terrible headland on the earth, Cape Horn, the southernmost and bleakest rock of all the vast Fuegian Archipelago, the coccyx of the Andes. Full

against its walls of granite are flung the incredible surges of the Antarctic Drift, and a never-ending procession of snow and sleet storms rushes past the bald and rugged crest, impelled by the hurricanes of the Southern Ocean. Past this desolate rock, too, an innumerable fleet of sailing ships plough their arduous way, taking our miscellaneous freights from New York and coal from Welsh and North Sea ports, and returning with huge cargoes of grain, tinned edibles and wine to fill the markets of the nations.

The vessel sails from New York, for example, toward the close of April. She has been carefully stowed by skilful stevedores, for the voyage will be the hardest of all the great routes of commerce, and the ship will have to face the sou'westers of the Antarctic

winter. Grim is the bearded old sea bear who commands her, and lean and sinewy the men forward who will work the big four-master around the stormy cape and up through the Pacific.

Fine weather follows the vessel for six weeks, till she reaches the region of the Rio de la Plata, when a pampero, skulking in the jaws of the mighty estuary, pounces upon her and she has her first sample of the gales that await her farther south. Yet a few days of cold, clear weather follow, as the ship runs down the wild Patagonian coast; fine, frosty, starry night succeeding sunsets of surpassing grandeur. Gradually, though, the weather changes, and as the Falklands draw near, dreary cloud banks rise in the south and overspread the heavens, and dense puffs of cold mist and clammy snow stalk over the leaden sea. The sun vanishes and the mariner knows that for three or four weeks he will catch no further glimpse of the golden orb. The following day the ship cuts the fiftieth parallel and commences the passage of the violent cape, for she is now off the Horn. As long as a vessel is between 50° south in the Atlantic and 50° south in the Pacific she is off Cape Horn, even though she is blown to 62° or 63° south.

Everything now is made as snug as untiring vigilance can compass. All movables about the main deck are secured with extra precaution, double lashings are passed around the spare, rough-hewn spars under the bulwarks, and the skysail yards are sent down and secured on top of the forward house. Cape Virgins, at the gateway to the Strait of Magellan, will probably be passed in thick snow squalls and strong westerly breezes, and the next day there will loom high in the southern sky the tall ice peaks and black rock pinnacles that constitute the barren island of Staten Land, from which Tierra del Fuego is divided by one of the wildest stretches of water known to seamen, the Straits of Lemaire. With the wind to the northward of west some bold mariners sail through the furious tide rips of Lemaire and emerge thus into the Southern Sea from whose rage they have been hitherto shielded by the iron coast of Tierra del Fuego. As the great majority of winds in the far south blow between west and south though, the passage of the strait is seldom used, and as a general rule, the shipmaster begins his storming of the Horn off Cape St. John, at the eastern end of Staten Land, sixty miles to leeward of Lemaire.

Supposing the ship to have had a fairly smart passage, it is now the middle of June; the southern winter has shut in, an indescribable gloom smothers the ocean, and banks of dismal mist drive through the peaks of Staten Land. From four in the afternoon till nine the next day thick darkness covers the ship. The heavens, dense with gray cloud masses, seldom change their melancholy hue save during the advance of the wild snow squalls that roar up from the Frozen Sea, black and appalling.

Off the pitch of the cape usually comes the first really hard gale. The ship has been working to the westward under a main-topgallant sail, with a moderate sea, and all hands thankful for a couple of days of fairly good weather, which in any other quarter of the world would be considered stormy. One night, however, while looking at the windward horizon, the mate catches the glint of lightning. It is but the merest flicker, but it is enough, for off Cape Horn electrical displays steadfastly precede the most tempestuous weather.

"Cap'n," the mate calls down the companionway, "there's lightning to the south'ard, sir."

In a moment a glance at the wheelhouse aneroid shows the skipper a fall of half an inch, with the needle at 28.90, while a long heave to the sea that has just set in sweeps the table clear of cigar box and tobacco jar.

"Get all the canvas off her but the lower topsails and a two-reefed foresail," cries the old man. "Call the starboard watch, sir; all hands shorten sail!"

A few minutes later twenty seamen are working out along the yards, the mates and bo'suns shouting at others on deck to bear a hand with the buntlines and clew garnets. In the mid-watch the gale bursts in a squall of terrific fury, but the ship has been snugged down comfortably and stands up well under the shock. All night the wind increases and by noon the next day is blowing with cyclonic force, and the sea has begun to rise to the amazing heights never seen save in those vast ocean deserts where the South Atlantic and South Pacific abut the northerly confines of the Antarctic, and where no land intervenes to break the progress of the ponderous surges. All around the globe they sweep, majestic and resistless, and, excepting perhaps the earthquake and volcano, the most tremendous of universal spectacles.

Those mariners whose fortune it is to navigate the North Atlantic are accustomed

to speak of that body of water as the most violent in winter of any in existence.

In one sense, they are assuredly right, in the frequent shiftings of wind in the region of the Devil's Blow Hole in 45° north, 45° west during the most violent storms, causing cross seas of overwhelming fury.

But here the resemblance to the Southern Ocean ceases. Off Cape Horn the duration of the sou'westers is not measured by hours but by days. Indeed, judging from the voyage of Lord Anson, who was ninety days off the Horn, the gales might occasionally be estimated by the week. The seas raised by these steady, hard storms are so prodigious as utterly to transcend the most imaginative mind. Fitzroy, after months of sojourn in the Southern Ocean, estimated the height at seventy feet from crest to trough, and later observers are inclined to exceed even this astonishing altitude. A short time ago a retired shipmaster who had been in the Cape Horn trade, and subsequently in command of a Western Ocean mail steamer, expressed this opinion:

"If they tried to drive a modern ocean mail racer full speed into a head sea off the Horn as they do in the North Atlantic, do you know what would happen? She'd go into one of those graybeards and she'd never come out. She'd be like a whale-boat under Niagara. There wouldn't be a yard of superstructure left aboard of her."

It is with these monstrous waves that the deep-loaded and often ill-found sailing ship has to struggle. In the darkness of the winter high latitudes, with but seven feet of freeboard and one man for every two-hundred tons of cargo below, the vessel lies hove-to, the bauble of nature's energies. Her spars are naked but for a goose-winged lower maintopsail and the peak of the spanker set to hold her head up if possible against the assault of wind and sea. Slowly and steadily she drives broadside to leeward before the westerlies fifty miles in the twenty-four hours. It doesn't seem much to make up, these few miles, but only the mariner knows what it means to drift two miles an hour dead to leeward of the fierce cape, for even under favorable conditions, unless there is a lucky slant, an able ship will not make much more than fifteen miles of westing a day off Cape Horn, and every mile of it a fight to the heartbreaking, bitter end.

After a steady week of this weather the captain begins to show the effects of lack of rest, for the shipmaster seldom leaves the

deck in these violent seas between dusk and dawn—a stretch of eighteen or nineteen hours in winter—to which is added the peculiarly enervating conditions of the southern regions, due to the darkness and the intolerable humidity. A gloomy sullenness settles upon the cabin, there is no conversation at the table, and meals are eaten to the deep hum of the storm aloft and the roar of heavy water on deck. Everything is dark, cold and cheerless, and the cabin walls drip and sweat in spite of the glowing stove in the dining-room. On deck at noon the gloom is that of a winter's dawn, and what light there is filters through the driving mist and spume.

In the forecabin the scene would shake the heart of the stoutest landsman. The cabin was comfortless enough, but this is like some horrid phantasm. The ports or windows have long ago been sealed up with heavy, solid storm shutters and none of heaven's light penetrates the abode, a couple of grimy lamps swinging under the carlines serving to exhibit in part the miseries of the reeking dungeon. In the center, bolted to the deck, stands a tiny stove, black and cold, for the whooping sea that smashed the forecabin door a while ago, quenched the last spark of its heat. Against all four walls are the tiers of rough bunks, over whose edges leer the uncouth faces of the watch below—faces ghastly with hideous disease and pale with the anemia of insufficient food. Staring eyes, the trademark of relentless driving and of sleepless days and nights, glare across at the wan, heaving lanterns, and forms huddle in the oozing bunks covered with sodden blankets, and even as the men are falling into the numb lethargy of overwork comes a great pounding without, while the second mate's powerful tones rouse the sailors to feeble action:

"All hands wear ship!"

Out into the weather they stumble as dawn breaks, for under the strain of the past week the vessel's seams have opened and she must bear away for the nearest harbor, Port Stanley. For some time she has been making more water than the donkey boiler could keep down, and now, just as both watches turn to, a sea that rises close alongside hangs for a terrible instant far above the ship and then, with crushing fury, thunders over the side. It staves the galley and carpenter's shop and breaking full against the lee rail, ten yards of six-foot bulwarks yield to the tremendous impact

and four men are sucked to their doom through the splintered wreckage.

Reeling under the foresail and lower topsails, through raging gusts of sleet and hail, the ship runs dead before it for the haven in the Falklands. Many a big four-master sailing out of New York or London, stalwart and grand, while running back for Port Stanley, has vanished from the waters, a sacrifice to the greed of those vast, insatiate rollers. Six months later Lloyds posts the ship's name and opposite to it the dreaded word, "Missing." No eye other than that of the circling albatross beheld her destruction, and no one heard the terrified shouts of her people as the awful, downy crests towering forty and fifty feet above the taffrail walked over the stern, while cabin trunk and wheel house floated off to leeward in shattered chaos. Happy is the ship that, running out the gale's frenzy, anchors in Stanley Harbor, while her battered crew, from their land-locked port, watch the giant seas march by in splendid phalanx.

Two months of rest is theirs while calkers and riveters make tight the mutilated hull once more, and then another fortnight of privation and misery awaits them in their second attempt at forcing the relentless headland. Finally, with peaked and haggard faces, the crew work the vessel to the westward and northward till she passes the thirtieth southern parallel, the sun once more gilds the seas, and the southeast trades come purring over the huge blue floor of the

South Pacific. Here recollections of Cape Horn and its snow-thickened hurricanes fade from the mariner's memory and he blithely hums an air as he steers the ship across the line up toward the Golden Gate. But in four months the same men will return again to the stormy south, flying eastward around the apex of the New World, buried to the neck in icy seas and damned and cuffed by ruffianly mates.

It is the habit in these days for people to mourn the loss of the race of men who sailed the salt seas in the days when only oak and hemp measured their strength against the ocean's wrath. These sages will have it that steam and steel have buried the ancient breed of seafarer, and that this generation produces not the thews and courage of the mariner of 1850. But if, in this year of our Lord 1902, these pundits could witness the furling of a foresail which the skipper has hung to through the howling squalls of Cape Horn, their prejudices would melt away, and they would honor and extol the modern deep-water sailor on the modern, monstrous, under-manned ship, as he straddles the arm of a ninety-foot yard or mans the main clew-garnets with a shout that the roar of the bursting seas cannot drown.

"Below those markless pathways where commerce shapes
the trail,
Unsung, unring, forgotten, sleeps the sailor of the
sail."

IN THE HEART OF SUMMER

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

The heat pulsates in furnace waves
Above the reaches of the grain;
There is no blade of grass but craves
The quenching benison of rain.

The bees have hushed their jovial bass;
Stilled is the warbler's flute-like tune;
One vainly seeks a shadow-trace
Upon the hectic face of noon.

Yet patient, and with scarce a pause,
Unto its note the cricket cleaves;
While the insistent locust draws
Its sharp staccato 'mong the leaves.

Thus hour on burning hour broods by,
Barren of comfort or delight,
Until their falls on earth and sky
The benediction of the night.

WAR IN BEE-LAND

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

IT was a calm, sultry June evening, and from the two hundred sleepily murmuring swarms came a smell of honey that was warm, cloying, and almost turpentine-like, for it was basswood bloom. Many of the bees were still winging about drowsily: but, in the uncertain half-light, the streets and avenues of hives, shadowed by the overhanging grape-vines, might have been the well laid-out suburbs of some slumbering pigmy city. Old Uncle Jimmy White, the bee-keeper, and Clay Harkness, his city nephew, who had come down to help him through the summer and earn a little college money, sat with chairs propped against the back of the extracting-house, and bathed themselves restfully in the blinking radiance of the dull yellow moon. It had been a long, heavy day's work, as the double row of sixty-pound tins filled with clear honey in the shipping shed might have borne witness to, and the young fellow's aching arms hung limp. But the old man, with critically pursed-up lips, was whittling industriously at the white-pine model for a patent "feeder." Presently he looked up with a certain kindly abruptness.

"You mustn't forget, son, that your evenings are your own. You can go read now, if you want, you know."

Harkness smiled gratefully but ruefully. "Oh, thank you, you're mighty good—and I would if I felt like it. But, to tell the truth, I'm too dead tired to do anything to-night."

Uncle Jimmy whittled away once more in silent meditation. After a while he looked up: "I reckon, now, if I told you I'd been looking into one of those books of yours—one of the histories—and had the calmness to say I didn't quite agree with all that's in it—I reckon, now, you'd think I must set a powerful lot by my own opinion?"

"Why, n-no," answered Clay a little astonished and puzzled, "all books are only the opinions of some one or other."

"Yes," agreed the old man, argumentatively rasping his thumb up and down his gray-stubbled chin, "but I'm not such a fool as to think one man's opinion's as good

as another's. What I don't know about history would about fill all the spare space in the Congressional Library. My specialty is bees, and bees only. But nevertheless, I must say there were some views in that book, some ways of looking at war that I couldn't bring myself, by any manner of means, to subscribe to." He named the historian.

"Oh," said Harkness, laughing, but not quite comfortably, "he—he is pretty modern. If I remember rightly, he brings war down to a matter of business, almost, and thinks that in the end—especially if it's been over trade and commerce—it's generally rather a good thing all round."

"Those are his opinions," said the old fellow, dryly, "and to dispute with him, I've only got my bee experience, which at first look doesn't seem much to argue from. But just as a bee's nature is amazingly like a man's nature, so is a bee-hive, or nation, mighty like a nation of humans. And when you have a lot of different breeds of bees in the same yard you have something you can draw conclusions from. And I can't help thinking that maybe if that history had been written on a bee farm and not in a library there'd have been a different sound to parts of it. Anyway, what I can say with certainty is, that if he'd become a bee-man and had had only one experience of his going to war, he'd have seen to it mighty carefully that they never got into another. I had one about ten years ago that's provided me with food for reflection ever since."

"Bees aren't warlike by nature, you know, any more than a nation of honest, hard-working people is. Industry's their forte; in big honey years lots of the little beggars will work themselves to death in six weeks. But it's just that ruling passion of theirs that gets them into trouble. They come into collision nectar-gathering just as humans do in foreign trade and commerce. On the surface that seems mighty improbable, for anywhere within three miles of the hive is a good working distance, and that gives them twenty or twenty-five square miles of bloom to choose from; so it's only natural to think that unless they're really

looking for a fight they must find it pretty hard to get one on. And, as a matter of fact, as long as they're left to nature and their own common sense, so it is. The bee war that taught me things was brought on by a chap who hadn't sufficient wisdom to let well enough alone.

"It was a week in early May, and as there wasn't much doing I'd taken a few days off and gone up state to a convention. It was warm weather, a sort of spring hot spell, and I knew the bees would be all out, with precious little honey to share among them; consequently, they would be ugly as yellow-jackets in a bush-fire. Now, this new man I had was a pretty dubious apiary specialist. He was an English farm hand just out; Bone, Levi Bone, his name was, and Levi was only smart enough to come in out of the very biggest kind of a rainstorm. While he was always bragging of what he knew about bees, I wasn't long finding out that his ideas ran powerfully toward keeping them stifled in little straw skeps all summer, and then playing the complete Satan to them with fire and brimstone in the fall. That about sized him up with me. Also, he informed me he'd been charmed against being stung. I didn't say anything—it was something for Levi and the bees to settle between them—but I figured out that if he tried presuming on his acquaintance with their English cousins, and got a trifle too neighborly, they'd serve writs of ejection all over him in a way to decide him that that charm of his hadn't been manufactured with a view to meeting the rapidity of Yankee business methods. And whenever I thought of it I had a mean little snicker all to myself.

"But pretty soon I paid for it. For, the second day I'd been away I got a postal from Levi which read like this (I've got it in my trunk yet, and I often look at it):

"DEAR MR. WHITE:

"Dear Sir, please com home immedit. They bees has gone dum crazy. They are killn each other in millions. I can't do nothink with them. I have been stung to death. I am olden one hi open with my fingers while I write this, w'ich I didn't 'ire for

"L. BONE."

"I started home 'immedit,' but I hardly knew whether to laugh or feel anxious. Levi's millions were patently an exaggeration, for bees only average about twenty thousand to the swarm. It was probably only rather a bad case of spring robbing, and I reminded myself that the queens were laying their heaviest then, and the few hun-

dreds that might have been killed would easily be made up by honey weather.

"I hadn't been home five minutes before I was painfully disabused of that notion. I got in about ten at night, and I found Levi lying in the straw barn. His face was covered half an inch deep with wet mud from the creek bottom, and his ankles and wrists were poulticed with it, too; there was a painful more beside him to draw on. And the tale he had to tell was a woful one, truly! It seemed that the day I left he'd been unpacking some sample honey that had just come back from a pure-food exhibition, and had let a couple of pound combs fall and smash. Now, as Levi knew, I had seven colonies which I valued like mint gold, four clean-strain Italian, with newly-imported queens, and three Carniolan, the first Alpine bees I'd ever tried; and for purposes of study and experiment I'd set them off in a little bee-yard of their own in the back lot. Well, remembering them, and being guided by a good English thriftiness that would have been all right in nine cases out of ten, but that didn't dovetail with the bee business at all, he scooped up that honey and carried it out to them. And to make it seem more exciting and picnicky, he put it on a fence thirty rod or so along from the yard. At first only a few found it; but, just as in bee-hunting, they told the rest. And pretty soon woolly Carniolans and three-banded Ligurians* were swarming out to it by the thousand. That tickled Levi hugely, and when, by evening, they were quarreling over it, he didn't want any better evidence of the complete success of that benefit banquet. As a matter of fact, it was as if they were so many little tigers given a taste of blood; both breeds had gone honey-mad; they'd have to have it now at any price. And with the tribe spirit stirring them into a fury, too, they couldn't in reason do anything else but just make straight for each other's hives. When Levi went out to them next morning every bee in the seven colonies seemed to be flying or fighting; the dead bees, of course, were everywhere. And as for his being stung on sight and unmercifully, that was even more a matter of course. Since then he'd confined himself pretty much to mud poulticing in the straw barn.

"Next day at dawn I kindled a good thick smudge in the smoker and sallied out. At that hour the old spy bees that go scouting to pick out and report on the flowers best

*Ligurians and Italians are the same—being genus and species.

filled for the honey-gathering should have been the only ones on the wing. But half a field away I could make out the air above the yard fairly black. And the sound that came over to me was as if they were threshing on the next farm to windward. Z-z-z-zzzz, rising and falling at times, but never anything but fierce and savage as a regiment of rip-saws. And they came straight at me through the heaviest smoke I could drive through the bellows. They'd pumped a dozen of their stings into my hands and face before I'd been inside the yard as many seconds. It was long enough since I'd worn veil or gloves, for long enough I'd been as full of their formic acid as an old smoker is of nicotine. But that wouldn't keep my eyes from being closed as tight as Levi's if I didn't get them covered in short order. So I went back for my trappings on the run.

"I pitched myself into them, tied my gloves over my sleeves, shoved my trouser ends into my boot tops, put the big carbolic acid atomizer under my arm, and once more made for the back lot. Unbothered now, I could look into what was ahead of me.

"But I only found that before that I hadn't begun to comprehend how bad matters actually were. In the beginning there must have been about a hundred and fifty thousand bees in that yard, and I could well understand poor Levi's multiplying them into millions. For, over my head for as high as I could see, it was one whizzing brown whirlwind of them. But bees don't fight well flying, and the really slaughterous business was going on on the sides of the hives. The seven didn't differ much. From the edge of the 'lighting boards almost up to the eaves they were matted over with a tangle of Carniolans and Italians as if with a crawling ivy. And as for dead bees, even then there must have been as many of them as there were still living; the gravel in front of every colony was well nigh drifted with them. It made me sick to see it, and I went from one to the other, giving them the smoke in volumes. It should have subdued them like so much chloroform, but it only broke them into little clumps, and made it easier for me to see just how rapidly they were doing away with each other.

"It had got to be a sort of mutual-invasion war, with all plan and order gone in the general, rabid demoralization. The regular guard bees had been scattered or killed long ago, and it came to a life and death struggle between all and sundry in a com-

mon attack and defense. A crowd of the invaders would make a rush for an entrance and some of them would go in. Once in the hive they seemed to be enough. I suppose, as you might say, the police had all gone to join the army in service. Anyway, as many looters seemed to be coming out as going in, and they were so heavy and padded out with the stolen honey that they had to make little runs to get on the wing with it. But a good half of the attackers would be caught, and once they were gripped, the defenders would tear and bite at their wings and legs till some sting or other found its way home between their joints, and they would curl tail to head and die on the moment. But the bees that had knifed them almost invariably got it themselves next minute, for until they could cork and corkscrew themselves from the victims they were practically defenseless. Often two grappled sting to sting and died clutched together. And that wasn't going on in twos and threes, but in hundreds and thousands. They tore and rolled each other back and forward on the lighting board and seethed over the sill like boiling broth.

"Oh, it was war, all right. Because both sides had found that bit of honey-comb there was nothing to do but fight till it ended one way or the other. But I couldn't see the gloriousness of it. Maybe it was because they had no brass bands, or uniforms, or generals to give orders, but all fought in their everyday clothes, every man for himself, like a mob of street rioters, and paid attention only to how many they could kill and how quick they could do it. And they were brave enough, they were all heroes beyond a doubt; the poor little brutes were maddened far past any fear as they were past all sense and mercy. But when every time you kill your man you have to die yourself, the hero business doesn't seem to arrive anywhere; it seemed to me to be all bad and pitiful together—nothing but the loss and waste of life good for things so many hundred times better. Those Ligurians were the prettiest lot of leather-colored little workers that ever came from Italy. And the Carniolans, fuzzy, gray, gentle-natured mannikins—I used to think of them as those little goatherds in sheepskins you see pictured in Alpine travels. Oh, I was most mighty fond of them, now, I tell you! And from the two most hard-working and quiet-natured sorts of bees in the world, they seemed to have become the most hateful and bloodthirsty.

"At that time I was afraid of carbolic acid. It seemed to me to be altogether too powerful for the bee-yard. And when at last I forced myself to drop the smoker for the atomizer and began to spray, it was almost a last resort. Well, I might as well have played the tin whistle at them! As fast as I could get a few hundred of them in a stupor on the 'lighting board more thousands would drop down from the wing, and as many seemed ready to pour out of the hive to meet them. By the time I'd got round to the seventh colony it was as if the acid had never touched the first at all.

"I cleared them from the eyepiece of my veil in desperation—they were hanging madly to me all over—and tried to think. Just one chance of saving them remained, to get them muffled under cloths and in a cool cellar. But there wasn't so much as a potato pit near the back lot, and the house was a good quarter of a mile away. It was out of the question to move them back as I'd moved them out—with the mare and lumber wagon—for bees don't like horses when they're in the best of humors, and in the state they were in now they'd have had old Nell half killed before I'd have had the first hive loaded behind her. What I did would have to be done by hand. And I'd have to depend on my own arms, too, for Levi was past being any help. I tore up to the house, letting down the fences as I went, and brought back an armful of swarming sheets. Then, wrapping them as best I could, I carried those seven colonies one by one across the fields and up the lane to the dairy cellar. I gave them a last heavy smudging there, muffled them a little closer and left them to come back to their senses in the best way they could. For myself I was glad enough to get away and try to forget the whole wretched business in a little sleep.

"After dinner I went down to them again, smoked them once more and made a thorough inside examination. I never saw such hives. Not one of them contained a third of a good colony, and the bees were so mixed it was almost a guess as to whether a swarm was Italian or Carniolan. And those of them that did remain alive had all alike done as bees do only when they're completely beat out and tired of life—they'd filled themselves to bursting with honey, and lay around among the piles of dead on the floor board, drunk as pigs. And no doubt they were so sick of themselves they never wanted to be

sober again! There were no guards or fan-ners, no pollen-storers or comb-builders. And what was a hundred times worse, no one was feeding the young bees, for the nursing of the brood is a thing they won't neglect under any bearable conditions at all.

"And those swarms were the nearest things to dead hives I've ever had in my bee-yard. As well as I could for the way they were mixed, I put all the Italians in one colony, and all the Carniolans in another, removing the spare queens; I hoped by so doing I might save at least one hive of each. But they never amounted to anything. If they'd been all of the same race they might have been able to do something, but as it was, they never got over that tangle. Half of them stayed vagabond and robber bees to the end, and there was hardly enough spirit left in the rest to kill the drones. But they'd had their war—in the good sound cause of commerce, too, and no doubt that was always no end of satisfaction to them."

"Now, son, I don't want you to go drawing any wrong impression from this little story. Don't you go tagging on any moral that doesn't in any way apply. What I've said here applies to bees and bees only; I reckon I know their character, history and political economy well enough to see how different things are with them and us humans. When it's a matter, now, of two of these simple and misguided hives of mine starting to fight over a pound of broken honey, why naturally I stop them right there. With them I'm a peace-at-any-price man of the white-liver'dest sort. But when two great world-powers, with all the added-up wisdom of our mighty human race to guide them, send out their ultimatums over a South Sea island that's pretty near important enough to be in the school geographies—why, of course that's a horse of an altogether different color. That's a matter where low-lived common sense ain't to be talked, but only national honor and glory. And, Lord love you, there I'm as hot for blood as anybody could want! There's so much probability of both sides being right and the other nations of the earth being unwilling to arbitrate for them that they can't get out their guns too soon—and so I say, let them go to war instanter! And no doubt they'll get more solid enjoyment, unlimited good and permanent decorative effects out of it than was ever got by two husky tom-cats tail-tied over a clothes-line."



"You see those two children there? . . . Their pa has never bought a yard of stuff for them in their lives. I've dressed them—and mostly from made-overs."

A CAPABLE WOMAN

By MARY LIVINGSTON BURDICK

I.

"YES, Miss Eleanor, the butter is made, and it has turned out lovely. I don't suppose there is one woman in a thousand who could manage it without a spring house; but then, I'm accustomed to put up with all sorts of shifts, and the stone cellar might be worse. You see, I'm capable. And goodness knows I ought to be after some of my experiences! Ten living children to clothe and bring up! And three I've buried.

"Speaking of clothes, I don't suppose you've any clothes you've thrown aside, that I could have to fix over? Most any old things would do. For, if I do say it, I'm a masterhand to mend and clean and cut. You see those two children there? Nine and eleven they are; and their pa has never bought a yard of stuff for them in their lives. I've dressed them—and mostly from made-overs.

"Oh, you will give me some? Much obliged, I'm sure. Most as much as if they were new—though 'tis awful work to rip and press. But that's what a drunkard's wife must expect, I suppose. I just told William this very day that I did hope he'd let the naughty stuff alone. Said I, 'Now you have a chance to earn, and a half share

in the produce of this farm, see if you can't amount to something. For you know I work hard enough, William. Slaving all day long! Up at four and never down till eleven! And my other two husbands didn't drink a drop. So I really can't say I'm used to liquor habits. And never shall be, for that matter.'

"Look at those currant bushes, Miss Eleanor. Promising? And those green peas? When your father hired us, he said I should have land enough for a kitchen-garden and half of the chickens and eggs and butter. I made it pretty clear that William wasn't a very good provider, and I'd have to look out for the children. So your father threw in these as my extras, and said he guessed William would do better in the country, and not to follow him too closely, or something like that. But if I didn't follow him, who would?"

Hurling this unanswerable question at my invisible father, Mrs. Burt swung a heavy jar of butter into my carriage, chased a fugitive chicken from her garden, and cuffed the "next to the baby," comforting him by the assurance that it might be Miss Eleanor would not forget his clothes, but most likely she would.

Several times during the ensuing summer I drove to the farm, always finding fresh food for reflection. On the occasion of my second visit, I was formally conducted to the parlor, which contained an ingrain carpet, an organ, five books and the portrait of the late (and frequently lamented) husband of Mrs. Burt, Mr. George Howard. "My first husband was well enough," she admitted; "but my second was certainly a prize. He had a pension, and of course, I got one after his death, as his widow. Twelve dollars a month comes in handy, doesn't it, miss? I have often thought William ought to appreciate the sacrifice I made when I gave up the name of Howard and the pension to be Mrs. Burt. And so I tell him. But men are queer, and they don't always seem to sense things as women do.

"That organ, there, I bought for 'Mandy and it's about the only pleasure she's ever had. I earned the money making white skirts for ladies at Scranton. Twenty-five cents for a skirt with one tuck; and for thirty-five cents two tucks, and lace sewed around, if you like. I'd be glad to take some for you, miss, or any of your friends.

"Yes'm, I've a great deal to do in other ways; but then there's lots of time—more time than anything else, I sometimes think. Well, it took me all summer and half of the autumn to pay for the organ. 'Mandy helped as much as she could. Mr. Burt did say he thought the money'd better go into a bureau or a new cooking stove; but I was decided. Said I, 'Mr. Burt, perhaps you don't realize that 'Mandy's a Loomis (that was my first's name), and I suppose no Burt could ever understand a Loomis. But I can; and that organ's got to come. And you're not asked to help, either.'

"Have you ever noticed, Miss Eleanor, that music does lighten the hard places wonderfully? When 'Mandy plays and the other eight (course I don't count the baby—she's too little) sing 'Happy Christmas,' it's beautiful, and one Sunday night I listened to 'Rest, Weary Soul,' till I forgot that next day there'd be the washing. And it's a pretty big washing to forget!

"Yes, music helps; nearly as much as books do; and talking of books, do you think you could loan me something to read? Because, when Sabbath comes, and the dinner's cleared, and the children are settled, it does seem as if my troubles fade away when I read some little thing.

"The clothes you gave us will come in grandly, thank you. That pink cashmere's

just providential, you might say. I dyed it brown, and 'twill make Rosa the nicest kind of a dress. Do you remember the brown silk parasol—the one with white spots? Your mother hesitated about putting that in the box—it was somewhat frayed—but I said 'twould help me, and it has. I cut out the best pieces, and got enough to trim Rosa's dress. I'll tell you she's going to be married—in September—if I can get her such a troussy as a Howard ought to have.

"Yes, she's pretty young—only sixteen—but she's like me, she's capable. And we all have to strike out for ourselves sooner or later, unless we drag—and there are some that do, as I tell William.

"If there's one thing that's truly lucky, it is that my children are so slim. You see, when other people's clothes are worn at the seams, I can generally take them up, and there they are, neat and whole again. Well, miss, good-day, if you must go. I hope we'll stay here right along—though with William's vacillating disposition, you can't tell."

For a time Mrs. Burt's hope was gratified, since her husband worked with reasonable steadiness, and during seven years' tenancy showed no desire to leave the farm. With no rent to pay, no fuel to buy, and more than half of the provisions assured, the family prospered; and the house became more and more comfortably furnished. Nothing was wasted under the capable management, and so the six children who had not "struck out" for themselves, went to school, respectably clad, and performed marvels of garden and housework, stimulated by their mother's constant urging to "Take hold and be like folks."

Then there came a change. Whether Mr. Burt had had too much of the stimulus of his wife's speech, and consequently recurred to another stirring influence, or whether his own statement that he "just natur'ly had to drink" explained the fact, I am unable to say; but certain it is that a weary, wailing woman presented herself one morning at my home, with the announcement that William had "turned ugly," deserted the farm, and taken a cottage in town, whither he proposed to remove his family.

"He's been drinking right along for two weeks," sobbed Mrs. Burt; "but I managed to see to things, and kept hoping he'd stop. Charlie and I fed the cattle and milked; and Charlie plowed a little. Charlie's not strong enough to keep it up, though, and, anyway,

we'd get no peace. William will make us go to town."

And he did; so the old, desperate struggle commenced again. From a large house to one of four rooms the Burts went, with only the occasional earnings of a frequently

when the wind was the right way—or the wrong way—for we hadn't a cent of insurance. We'll have to start again without a dime.

"Some way I felt the worst about the two bureaus. When I thought how the children



"When 'Mandy plays and the other eight (couse I don't count the baby—she's too little) sing 'Happy Christmas,' it's beautiful. . . ."

intoxicated man, and the slender stipeud gained by the mother's needle to rely upon.

To add to their troubles, the father contracted smallpox from a colored porter, with whom he had been working. The plague swept through the household, quarantining the family, and leaving several of the members with weak lungs and impaired vitality. Within two days after the removal of the pest notice the house was burned to the ground. The fire broke out in the night, and the only article saved was 'Mandy's organ—an ever-recurring *casus belli* between Mr. and Mrs. Burt.

"I suppose the fire was set," said the latter to me, a week afterward. "The neighbors were so afraid of the disease that probably some one just threw a brand

had sold watercresses and popcorn and all their melons to buy them, I could hardly bear it. But we don't need them now, as we've nothing for them to hold.

"I could make good use of furniture or clothing, miss, for never before have I been so put to my trumps. And William's drinking worse than ever."

Hearts must have been trumps at this period with some of the citizens, for a building near one end of the town was rented, and here the Burts, rehabilitated and encouraged, found shelter and provision for their comfort in the fast-approaching winter. The front room held 'Mandy's organ, thoroughly disinfected (as Mrs. Burt explained) and very ugly in its old clumsiness and its new varnish.

Concerning the husband, matters grew steadily worse. With his progress on the down-hill road, his temper became unendurable. Finally his wife, concluding that patience had ceased to be a virtue, locked the doors before him and refused admittance.

"I'm paying expenses now, and till you can treat me right and let the children alone—Charlie and Lizzie Howard, and the Burt—you don't get in. And if you pound or kick, I'll send for the police."

This was the neighbors' version of Mrs. Burt's conversation, and quite agreed with her story told me. As for Mr. Burt, he did not court the interference of the police, but boarded elsewhere, and divided his time between working and drinking. A year later I understood that his wife had secured a divorce from him on the ground of desertion, he furnishing the money for the suit.

"Might just as well be quit of him. No one can tell what'll turn up. And now we eat our humble fare in quiet. And though it's hard to get along alone, I can manage it—for the present—that is, I'm not sayin' 'till always be this way. Have you noticed I haven't a gray hair in my head? And there are good fish in the sea; as good as ever were caught.

"Now you're here, Miss Eleanor, will you just glance at the coat I've made from your old cloak, for Lizzie Howard? 'Twas pretty hard getting the new sleeves out of the pieces you gave me. But I pressed the cloth well, and the fur has covered up most of the joinings. There are thirty-two seams in all, and the fur I pieced eighteen times. Don't you think it looks almost like new?

"I took the last basting thread out as the clock struck twelve. And 'twas well I did, for the wind shifted later in the night. Today's cold enough. And Lizzie Howard's delicate, especially in the lungs. But isn't it pretty?"

I looked at the triumph in coats, and looked again. Also, I saw the bent figure and fur-blackened hands of the hard-working woman. And Mrs. Burt repeated her question twice before I could answer.

II.

"Yes'm, we're bound to have trouble in this world. And typhoid did its perfect work with Charlie. Seems as if it just sapped all the strength he had, and all at

once. Yes'm, he surely was a help. Always willing. Seven months to-day since he was taken, and there's scarcely been an hour since that I haven't reminded the other children of him.

"When Charlie died, I say to them, 'I lost the jewel of the family. Always looking out for his mother. Well, try to be like him.' Not that I believe they will, miss, for they have Burt blood to deal with and hinder—while Charlie was a Howard.

"No, miss, William didn't help any about the funeral. He's married again; and I hope his second holds him to the mark. Your father paid for the coffin—but he never speaks about it, and you were away at the time, so of course you didn't know.

"Well, I have managed to get the rent this month by laundry work. Lizzie's married, and the other four are in school. I've made a tasty quilt, too, out of silk pieces that I've collected. And some of my friends suggest that I can raffle it off. Do you think twenty-five cents for one ticket too much? I'm not ungrateful, and I'd let you have the advantage of the best rates.

"I don't believe your shirt waists will be done this week, Miss Eleanor. But it's the first time I have ever disappointed you, about work, isn't it? And it's all on account of 'Mandy's rising, too. Not that I blame her. She's just like Henry Loomis, sensitive as can be, and gentle; but firm as a rock when set.

"She and her husband are working the Brown farm, and 'Mandy furnishes dinner every day for the hands. And she hasn't stinted, either; but I guess maybe she's made a mistake about the style of food, for she's great on pies and cakes and jelly, and men from the hayfield would rather have more meat. If they'd only told her so, pleasantly, 'Mandy would have changed her plan; but most of them wouldn't say anything, and she didn't know.

"Did you ever see William's brother, Hiram? He's just as disagreeable as William, and crafty, too. He's always looking for a chance to sting some one; and so, one morning, when the baby pushed the sugar bowl off the table and broke it, Hiram winked at the men and said, 'Now, isn't it a pity 'twasn't the meat dish? There's never any use for that!' 'Mandy rose right up from the table and turned pale as death. 'You walk!' she said. 'He didn't mean anything, 'Mandy,' her husband put in. 'Can't you let it pass?' 'He goes, or I do, Robert Hunt,' she answered.

"Well, that settled it. Hiram stands six feet one in his stockings, and 'Mandy's little; but he walked out of the house without a word, and the men cheered. They all hate Hiram, and they relish 'Mandy's cooking, though they would like more meat.

can do is to give good measure, and I do cut a huge bunch for a nickel.

"Did I say 'one extravagance,' miss? There was another thing. I once gave fifteen cents for fifty visiting cards. Blue and pink they were, with all my names printed. William said I hadn't time to visit, and I hadn't; but I wanted them as souvenirs for my friends. You shall be remembered, too.

"I'll be glad to continue sewing at the old terms; or even a little less; for now and then the machine does run off—my eyes not being as good since our epidemic.

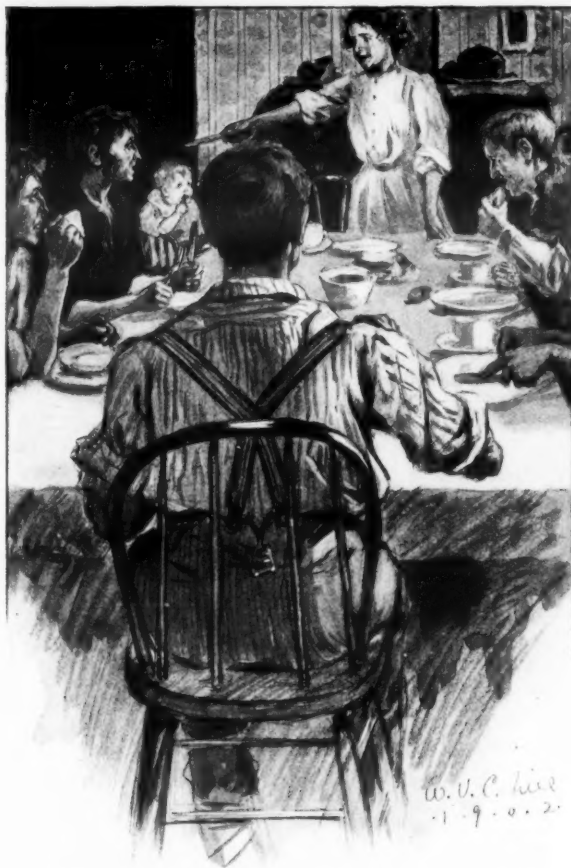
"If you have a cast-aside white dress, I would like it—to fix Margaret for Decoration Day. She's one of the schoolgirls' asked to sing at the soldiers' graves. And being, as you might say, a stepchild of George Howard, it's fair enough, even if she is a Burt."

Spring passed into summer, and, as always, autumn and winter succeeded. Rigid economy and industry carried along the Burts, but evidently her efforts were telling on the capable woman.

"If I could get discouraged, I should be," she admitted. "Well, miss, I've heard of a chance in another way, and maybe I'll take it. I'm not prepared to say. It seems like a wildgoose chase in some lights; but a home's a good thing,

and I'm only fifty-eight. I'll consult with you about it, later."

But the burden of consultation was spared me, for when, armed with some desired schoolbooks, I next called, I was met by a toothless crone, who managed to make me understand that she was sole occupant of the house, and that Mrs. Burt had taken the chance—that is, she had gone to Dakota to



"Mandy rose right up from the table and turned pale as death. 'You walk!' she said."

"'Mandy wasn't able to cook another meal for a couple of days, so I stayed there, and that's what set me back with the sewing.

"The children are selling lilacs this week. It seems odd, for I never was accustomed to ask pay for flowers. I used to present them to people. It was my one extravagance. But everything has to count now, and all I

marry an entire stranger, who had advertised for a wife, and who had promised her and the four children a home, in return for their services on his farm.

"I think she will be sorry alretty yet," hazarded the crone, in conclusion. And I thought it very likely she would be.

III.

EMPTYLANDS, DAKOTA,
November 18.

Kind Lady:

I hope you won't be offended that I write to you, when I didn't bid you farewell. I went in a hurry, for it looked like a good chance. But I've never forgotten you; and the hat I wore on my wedding-journey was the navy-blue you gave me five years since. So I do remember your kindness.

This has turned out the poorest investment I ever made, to say nothing of the children having cause to feel they arn't wanted. The farm was nice in the spring; but you can't live on beauty, can you? And the awful winds; and the spoiled crops, and the winter coming on just frighten me. One of my neighbors says there were weeks last winter when it stood at forty under;—and she knows. And though Mr. Carter doesn't drink, he's worse than William in some ways. He's a nagger. And it's always been my experience that a man-nagger is worse than a woman ever can be. One of his pretty tricks is to keep a loaded revolver under his pillow—with the muzzle pointing in my direction. 'For it might go off,' he says, 'and if it should, the head of the house can't be spared as well as some others can.'

The talk he has about his first would tire you out. You'd think she could make a meal of nothing. I will say, though, the neighbors speak well of her. And her picture looks as if she'd endured lots. His health isn't good, and if I can stand it to stay till all's over, I'll get my rights in the property. Course, I'm not saying I wish he were dead, though he hasn't spoken to me for a week, and acts like the Old One. He's pretty pale, but if things don't go along faster I shall have to do something about it.

What show would there be in Rockford for fine laundrying?

His first's son (the eldest) isn't nearly as sour-tempered, and I have thought maybe he and my Lily might fancy each other. But you can't tell, always. Here I am wandering, when the real purpose of this letter is to ask whether you have any dresses or any cloth you can't use. If you have, Miss and if you'll pay the freight, I'll settle with you some day, if I live.

My side aches a good deal this fall; but I hope I'll make out to get the girls ready for cold weather. Such a tedious walk to school tires them.

I've just thought maybe the railroad company would haul the box free if you told the agent 'twas for a Dakota sufferer. And that's what I am, in all truth and conscience. There's not a day I don't tell Mr. Carter that when I left Rockford, I left home.

Yours with respect,

AMANDA LILIAN CARTER.

P. S.—You'll be sorry to know that I've lost 'Mandy's organ. When she died her husband gave it back. He appreciated me, even if others don't. Mr. Carter wouldn't pay the organ freight, so I had to part with my one memento.

P. S. Second—I've had four husbands, and lived in fourteen states and territories. And my lot is harder

now than ever before. Mr. Carter has no knowledge of a woman's needs.

A. L. C.

IV.

"Horace Loomis my name is, and I thought as you'd always taken an interest in mother, I ought to step around and tell you she's no more.

"Yes'm, I'm glad to say that her sorrows and workdays are over, but it worries me to think she died in that barren, treeless country without one of her grown sons or daughters to be with her. And 'twas mighty small satisfaction to come in just for the funeral, and scarcely that in one sense.

"Mother wrote us in February that she wasn't well; still, she was keeping round and doing the bulk of the housework. But about March the 1st, Rosa (she was a Loomis, too) had a letter from Lily, and she said mother had pneumonia, and was very bad; and Rosa (she's tender-hearted and like mother was, only not so capable) sobbed out: 'I know it's the last of mother, and I must see her; but how'll I manage? Henry's short of money, and there's the baby. I can't take her, without help, nor leave her.'

"So I answered I could fix it. We'd saved fifty dollars, my wife and I, and wife wanted me to use it. 'You and Rosa go,' she said. 'You can help her with the baby.' I've lost two children, miss—all I had—so a baby's never the trouble to me that it is to some folks.

"We went, and 'twas a hard journey. I wanted Rosa to take a sleeping-car, but she wouldn't spend a cent more than was necessary. 'You worked hard enough for your money,' she said, and 'twas true, too, though I didn't grudge it, nor did wife, either, for mother had been with her in trouble, and the time had come to help in return.

"We drew into Emptylands about three o'clock in the afternoon of March the 4th. 'Twat a prairie country, but no grass had started; and so far as eyes could reach, there was nothing but black, desolate earth, and some shabby buildings.

"As we looked down a long road on the left side of the cars, we saw a few teams dragging some people along through such mud as you never could imagine. That was the only sign of life, except the station agent who was standing outside. We walked up to him, and I asked whether he was acquainted with most of the folks around.

"Well, yes, mostly,' he answered.

"'Haven't heard from the Carters to-day, have you?' I went on.

"'There they are,' he said, nodding toward the road. 'They're just going to the cemetery to bury Mrs. Carter.'

"'Catch—the—baby!' said Rosa, and fainted dead away.

"Then there was a time. The man said he was awfully sorry, but he'd never thought of our being kin; and he got water and brought Rosa to again and stopped one of the teams and helped her in.

"Mr. Carter asked us to stay at his house over night, and we did. I didn't feel quite so hard toward him after we'd talked together a while. He'd had a good deal of ill-health, himself, and he'd gone without comforts so long, he said, that he didn't suppose he realized how it had been with mother, and that she wasn't fit to work so; for if he had, he'd surely have hired the washing. And he sent for a doctor—clear to Newville—and he didn't scrimp any on the coffin.

"So I didn't reproach him much. I only said 'twould have been a Christian's act to have telegraphed us—so Rosa wouldn't have had such a shock. And he allowed that I was right. The children (except Lily) came back with us. Rosa took one, and wife and I will do what we can for the others. Carter said Lily could remain with him, as well as not. He thought his son and Lily would be married before long.

"So, as I heard the young fellow was a steady worker and good-tempered, and as the station agent said his wife would keep a lookout over Lily, I didn't interfere.

"The girls told me that mother was laid out in the black dress that you gave her, and that they all thought it suited her well. You know, miss, she never wore anything better than a calico or a coarse woolen—she kept the best of what little she had for the children—so I suppose she did look quite well in the new one. The neighbors sent some geranium blossoms, but they weren't put in her hands, 'cause she'd often said that when she was laid away, she'd like to have her hands free, and at rest—as they'd never been in her life.

"Well, she meant to be a good mother—and no one can say she wasn't capable. For it's more of a task to raise such a family than most people think—or any man knows."

That night, in the strange country of dreams, I thought that Mrs. Carter once more stood before me, holding Lizzie's newly-finished coat. But as I looked, her wrinkles faded away, her querulous voice was stilled, and the coat enveloped her like a mantle. It was the same garment, and yet different, for it was white and shining,

"And without a seam."



"'There they are,' he said, nodding toward the road."

SHORT STORIES OF COMMERCE

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS

SOME fine afternoon if you meet one of those interesting cranks of New York

City who start afield with basket and hammer to find treasures for their mineral cabinet, he will tell you, very likely, that on this particular occasion he is not pointed toward any outcrop of asbestos or serpentine or the rubble heaps torn from northern mountains and scattered by glaciers over Long Island; he is bound instead for the foot of the Palisades or the Staten Island shore to look for minerals from Europe or other parts of the world. If he takes you along you may see him in an hour or two rummaging among piles of stones near the water's edge, picking up flint from the chalk cliffs of England and other things that delight his innocent soul; he is turning over heaps of ballast brought by empty cargo ships from the four quarters of the earth and dumped on American shores—reminders of the old days when sailing vessels often arrived nearly or quite empty and passed out through the Narrows in a week with all the wheat or cotton they could carry.

Few stories of commerce are so trivial that they are not found, when closely examined, to rest upon some fact or generalization that is far more interesting than the story itself, and a man may observe some little fact which, if he be not careful, will lead him to draw a wholly erroneous conclusion—heaps of ballast strewn along the shore, for example.

If you read that vessel after vessel leaves Italy or Argentina in ballast you need not infer that these lands are very poor countries with which to trade. In fact, their commerce is very large, and they sell many things to many countries that are highly prized, and yet send many ships away with half a load or none at all.

The matter is easily explained. It largely depends upon the bulk and weight of the things a country buys and the bulk and weight of the things it sells. Italy is an extreme case of a country whose foreign purchases are very bulky and heavy in proportion to value, while most of its sales abroad are light and small in proportion to their

price. Having no coal, little iron, and insufficient wheat, machinery and lumber, vessels steam into Italian ports loaded down with bulky and heavy cargoes. But what does Italy have to sell in return for the coarse freight she buys from foreign lands? Many millions of dollars' worth of the raw silk her girls reel from the cocoon, the delicate fabrics of the silk loom, oil from the olive groves, wine from the vineyards, coral from Mediterranean depths off the west coast worth \$1 to \$400 an ounce, and other such commodities. Is it any wonder that many vessels sailing into Italian ports with heavy loads, depart in ballast? Lucky is the ship that gets a full cargo on the return voyage, and yet the exports of Italy are worth nearly as much as her imports.

There are countries, too, that sell and buy much, nearly the entire trade being of a bulky and heavy nature; but they also turn many vessels away with small or no cargoes. It is not difficult, for example, for a ship to get a full cargo from New York for Buenos Ayres. Argentina buys most of her hardware and machinery from us, and she takes our pig iron for her foundries, and considerable of our lumber and other heavy freight. The country is rich in products that various lands require, but do we want them? We have no use for the frozen meat and live stock with which she loads scores of vessels for Europe, nor for the wheat and maize which she sends by the shipload to a dozen ports of the old world. We bought a great deal of her wool till the Dingley Tariff cut off an important part of that trade. There is just one commodity of Argentina which is of surpassing importance to us, and that is hides. The millions of cattle killed here supply only a part of the hides required by our leather trade, and Argentina is the largest source of export hides in the world. But the hides we buy cannot begin to fill the freightage space of the vessels that carry our hardware, machinery and other things to the great southland of hides and pelts; so the ships start back to New York with what freight they can pick up, and then put into Santos or Rio for coffee, or touch at Pernam-

buco for raw sugar or at Para for rubber. By the time they leave the South American coast they may have full loads in which Argentina's share is rather modest.

Vessels laden with cargoes that are light in proportion to bulk are always very glad to get some heavy commodities that will pay some freight and serve at the same time as ballast. Thus practically all the iron sent to Europe from Birmingham, Alabama, is the ballast for cotton ships, and the nickel and cobalt ores of New Caledonia are sent to Sydney and shipped as ballast, covered high with the wood that is destined for the European market.

Money is a rather unusual article to serve as ballast, but it is said, at one time, to have filled this humble function. Money, of course, is anything that is used as a medium of exchange, as hides and tobacco have been used. The chroniclers say that slavers of the old time who carried their human freight from West Africa to the sugar cane and cotton fields of America, were at their wits' end to get profitable cargoes for their trip to the slave coast. The gin and gun trade had not then developed to its later proportions, and the few yards of cloth or the handfuls of beads required to buy a man did not fill much space in the hold. It grieved these enterprising merchants to carry little but dead weight to steady their vessels. But it was found, one day, that the cowrie shells of the East Indies were regarded by the untutored African as a most admirable medium of exchange. Here was an excellent means of turning ballast to good account. Cowrie shells were brought by the scores of tons to West Africa and eagerly accepted in payment for slaves and other commodities. The trade in shell money grew to great proportions, with the inevitable result that the commodity finally became a drug on the market. When nobody was tempted to steal money, though it was piled up in heaps accessible to all, it ceased to have any value worth mentioning. This is believed to have been the first time that Africa ever had a financial crisis, caused by undue inflation of the currency.

Shipping interests have great reason to rejoice when the way is opened for large trade in a commodity produced in a region from which it previously could not be profitably exported. The central and northwestern plains of India are among the greatest wheat areas of the world, but the time has been when wheat has rotted on the ground, for it could not be carried to Europe, though

Europe needed it. Wheat is a cheap commodity, selling in our country sometimes at a cent a pound, and because it is so cheap and weighs so much it cannot profitably be carried far unless freight charges are very low. It is easy to see that steamships, rounding the Cape of Good Hope in the Indian trade, recoaling at the Cape at enormous expense, for all the coal was brought from Europe, could not place a cheap rate on wheat carriage, and the grain could not be carried on sailing vessels, week after week, over the hot Indian Ocean without being almost worthless for flour by the time it reached Europe. So one of the great wheat regions was not tributary to the very countries that are always clamorous for bread.

But what a revolution was wrought by the opening of the Suez Canal which shortened the sea distance to the great wheat ports, Bombay and Kurachi, by nearly 5,000 miles! Even then, much of the wheat could not be carried to the sea for lack of railroads, and it was not till the direct line from Calcutta to Bombay was completed, in 1876, that wheat began to pour into Bombay in every good season, in such quantities that to this day the storage resources of that city are severely taxed.

We can scarcely realize what a profound influence the opening of that little canal, only 101 miles long, had upon the industries and the very lives of many millions of the Asian peoples. As for India, it made Bombay the greatest of Asian ports; it was so cheap and easy to carry coal through the canal to Bombay that the city now has nearly 4,000,000 spindles and many thousands of looms, run by cheap fuel and stimulating enormously the production of Indian cotton. It widened the wheat industry and enabled India to sell so much more of her varied products to other lands that millions of the people have a little more money now with which to buy the comforts of life; thus the two greatest material forces of modern civilization, cheap, quick and abundant means of transportation and steam power applied to machinery are scattering their blessings over the densely-peopled peninsula.

It may have escaped the notice of many that the Powers attacked an ancient feature of Asian policy in one of the concessions they recently wrung from China. The Chinese Government has promised to improve the navigation of the lower Pei-ho so that large steamships may ascend to Tientsin,

the port of the capital. China long refused to carry out this improvement on the ground that it would facilitate attacks on Peking by foreign enemies. Every other independent government in Asia is opposed to deepening the waterways leading to its capital. Tokio, on its splendid bay, needs only the dredge to channel a passage to the city front and into the river; but the Parliament says: "We will never consent to open a way for foreign warships to bring their guns within range and knock to pieces the emperor's palace and the government buildings." Siam is also a progressive, ambitious state, but its nobles glory in the bar at the mouth of the Menam that keeps the larger shipping twenty-five miles from Bangkok; so lighters carrying a few tons and the smaller steamships still minister alone to the commerce of these two famous capitals each with over a million population.

Many incidents might be related to show how rapidly barbarous peoples are catching the commercial spirit of the age. They show themselves quick to discern the good that may come to them through trade. There are no towns worth mentioning for some hundreds of miles on the northeast coast of Africa, south of Cape Guardafui. Until a few years ago the Somali natives living there had no dealings with white traders. It occurred one day to a smart firm of Aden that by maintaining regular communications with this coast, they might be able to build up a good trade. So they bought a little steamer and sent native agents along the coast to tell the Somali that if they would look out to sea at certain intervals, they would see a steamer coming with beautiful goods to give them in exchange for hides, palm oil and other products of that region.

Scores of trips have since been made and the experiment has proven a great success. The natives, expecting to see the vessel, without fail, on the date fixed, gather to the shore from many miles inland, at the various points where the vessel stops. The anchor is dropped, the trading boats put ashore, and a lively market is soon in progress where a few hours earlier nothing could be seen but the wide, stretching sands that border "the Horn of Africa."

It is observed that these natives drive very fair bargains, and that they are now demanding goods of better quality than the poorer stuffs they bought some years ago. They have learned that good cottons are cheaper than poor ones. The same growth in business acuteness has been remarked

among other African natives. To-day the Congo tribes will not touch the poor jack-knives and flimsy cottons they were greedy for a few years ago. The grades of goods that the Congo trading companies now take to the river, cost on an average from sixty to one hundred per cent. more than the commodities that were sold to the natives ten years ago. Trade is sharpening the wits of the primitive peoples.

Here and there the romantic phases of commerce are disappearing before the well-ordered business routine of to-day. Twenty years ago all the ostrich feathers brought to Europe and America were obtained by chasing and shooting the wild bird in the semi-arid regions where he lived. He was killed for his plumage. To-day he lives tame on a farm, and once in eight or nine months, his head being thrust ignobly into a bag, his beautiful tail and wing feathers are plucked and he is turned loose to grow another crop. The travels of fine feathers seen in Broadway shop windows used to make a story worth telling. It took about two years to bring the handsome plumes within reach of the ladies whom they were to adorn. The ostrich feathers were kept for months in the grass huts of barbarous ostrich hunters, bought by dusky Niger River merchants, who would kill a white man on sight for the glory of Islam, stored in the low, mud-walled warehouses of Timbuktu, which a half dozen disguised whites had seen at the peril of their lives. Then, packed in bales, they began the long journey to Broadway on the backs of camels along routes marked by the bones of the ship of the desert. Sometimes stolen by Saharan robber bands, what strange vicissitudes did they not pass through before they reached the fair women to whose decoration all these remote and savage agencies had labored to contribute! No white man could become their owner till they had almost reached the sea.

To-day, the production of ostrich feathers is an industrial science. Nearly all the feathers in the market come from the bush country in Cape Colony, plucked from 300,000 birds reared in captivity, mostly owned by very well-to-do men. The poorer ostrich growers gave up in despair during the years of costly experience before the success of ostrich farming was assured. It takes two months now instead of two years for ostrich plumes to come from the producer to the consumer; but how strikingly did those earlier wares, brought in such a remarkable

manner from the broad Sudan, illustrate the fact that no walls of religious hate or race prejudice can effectively bar the way against commercial intercourse with the western nations. Scores of white men now live in Timbuktu and the French flag floats over this former hotbed of Oriental fanaticism.

Is there danger that any of the highly-civilized peoples, like the Japanese, who are studying modern commerce and industry in the school of the Occident, will ever be able to compete with America and Europe in the production of excellent and cheap manufactures? The dream of Japanese imitations of the products of our own shops and factories underselling us in our own home markets, is a bugaboo that has frightened some folks in the past few years. If this dream is ever to come true its realization will be so far in the future that we may cheerfully relegate the problem to some later age. If you know any one just from Japan, ask him how he likes Japanese canned tomatoes. If his nerves have any edge, the mere reminiscence will nearly give him the lockjaw. The fact is that while the Japanese are imitating many products of the west, from textiles to watches and surgical instruments, they are so far inferior to those we make that they cannot compete with our goods even in the Asian markets. The Japanese cannot compete with us even in price, for they are so poor in technical skill, and in the handling of machinery, that the labor cost of their output is not a whit cheaper than in America and Europe. Furthermore, as they are taking men from the fields to work in the shops there are fewer left to raise food; the price of food is rising, the imports of food are larger, and, because it costs more to live, wages are increasing. The fittest will always ride on the top wave, and there is not the slightest prospect that any Asian people will

ever wrest industrial supremacy from the western nations.

But they are helping to shape our lives just as we are influencing their fortunes. A glance at our business relations with the little island of Sicily shows how closely the interests of peoples remote from one another are intermingled. In three months, several years ago, Sicily shipped to us 800,000 boxes of oranges and lemons. Then the islanders were suddenly appalled by the report that it was proposed, in the Dingley Tariff, to place a high tax on their fruit. They held meetings, they sent dispatches to their Minister at Washington and to the Italian consuls in our cities saying that such a tax would ruin them. The blow fell, and the fruit raisers suffered from it; but Sicily has one sure hold upon us.

That little island produces nearly all the sulphur that the world consumes. We need enormous quantities of it in our industries, and Sicily is our reliance. We may realize how important this commodity is to us when we remember that sulphuric acid, one of the essential agents in the manufacture of many of the most common and necessary articles, such as glass, kerosene, aniline dyes and phosphorus from which matches are made, adds wonderfully to our every day comfort. We depend upon Sicily for it; we do not know to-day where else we might get a sufficient supply of this necessity of comfortable living, and Sicily has often sent it to us at a cost of \$3 or \$4 a ton for carriage. We may say that Sicily has thus been brought very close to us by the need we have of her and by the bagatelle it costs to bring her riches to the industries that require them.

Thus all the 1,500,000,000 human beings of the world are being brought closer together by the bonds that industries, commerce and the modern facilities for transport are forging.

CAMARADERIE

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

To share what eyes have seen and ears have heard,
To know each other's language; and to feel
The larger meaning of the spoken word,
The subtler nearness silences reveal.

THE SUNDERING OF A MODERN DISCIPLE

BY HOLMAN F. DAY

LARKIN hitched his horse to a scrub birch at the foot of the hill. He went around to the back of the dusty farm wagon and lifted out a basket of eggs and a jar of maple syrup. Then he hesitated. He set back the jar of syrup. He wrinkled his brows and scratched a sunburned hand behind his ear.

"If I take 'em up to her," he muttered, "she'll think I'm sort of comin' 'round and gittin' reconciled to her stayin' here. And yet"—he looked up at the great buildings on the hill—"I'll bet a cooky she's hungry. They say the folks that stay up there don't have ha'f enough to eat."

He went slowly pudging up the sandy lane, carrying the basket and the jar. The sun beat down on his bent back, hunched under the faded coat. Perspiration oozed over his cheeks into his grizzled beard. At last he set down the basket and wiped his face on his sleeve. His browned hand was trembling.

"Gorrynation," he said, with the mild anathema of the New England farmer, "I do believe I'm nervous 's a witch cat."

He looked up at the great range of buildings that were spread over the barren poll of the sand hill. The plan of the structures was that of an Oriental caravansary. They enclosed a courtyard several acres in extent—an area of sand. The western front was formed by a four-story frame structure, flanked by two massive, unwieldy and wholly useless gates, their heads towering about the eaves. On iron cresting above the wings of each gate were scrolled the words, "Gates of Praise."

The central building was surmounted by a square tower and over that was airily braced a huge gilt crown with notched cresting. In the background loomed other towers, perched here and there on the buildings of the rectangle. A blue banner floated from one of these peaks. It bore the blazon "Tower of David."

This architectural ensemble provoked many astonished queries from strangers who looked up at it from car windows as they jounced

down the crooked railroad track on the opposite side of the river valley. The explanation usually afforded was:

"Oh, that's Shiloh, Danforth's place."

"Well, what is it used for?"

"Oh, he's started a new Heaven, or something of that kind. He's got a couple of hundred saints there, so I hear."

"What's the idea of it all?"

"Oh, they pray and study Bible and give up the world and claim that they are living Bible, and that they are doing what Jesus did. They say that Danforth can heal the sick and cast out demons, and that he has even raised one woman from the dead. But folks round here don't take much stock in that place, for it's breaking up families and making paupers. This 'leaving all and following' don't seem to fit in with modern ideas."

Further questioning would elicit the information that the saints came from all over, and that no one understood just how the colony got enough food.

Larkin didn't know much about the place, either. His wife had tried to explain it to him and he had listened somewhat tolerantly. But he took little interest in her talk of utter consecration and sanctification and apostolic faith and evangelization of the world. Sundays and frequently on week days he allowed her to have the team for the ten-mile drive to the Temple, as the elect called Shiloh. He had never interfered in his wife's religious quests for more complete consecration, even though some of the neighbors had wondered for many years at his "standin' so much from her." He even had "pulled up" some of her relatives when they tried to expostulate with her.

"Land sakes," he cried, smiling at her indulgently, "let Marshy dissipate by goin' to meetin' if she wants to. These religious toots don't hurt any one."

When he made such remarks as these his wife would look at him with saintly reproach in her eyes, and then would retire to her bedroom to pray for his soul.

Larkin had never realized that religion



"'Mamma hain't comin' home no more,' wailed the little girl."

could ever trouble his material affairs until his wife, returning from protracted meetings at the Temple, with her eyes red-rimmed and on her face the marks of hysterical exaltation, would deliver to him what she called "messages." The messages usually were to the effect that they must give up their sinful manner of life, their striving for material ease and gain, and must surrender all to the Lord and follow Him. At first Larkin simply gave his old-fashioned, gentle Yankee chuckle and thus turned off mother's broad hints. At last she became insistent one day and inveighed against his wicked, sinful pride. With blazing eyes and white, drawn face she screamed that he and the children were doomed and damned to hell forever unless they followed her to Shiloh and gave up their earthly possessions. Then Larkin gently, but gravely and firmly, told his wife that she must cease from such talk before the children.

With the look of martyrdom on her face, she retired to her bedroom as usual and prayed for him. She did not come out to get the supper. When Larkin tapped at the locked door only the drone of her praying voice answered him. He got supper for the children—and how they all laughed at the queer-looking biscuit he made. In this new glee they forgot the gloom and fear their mother's singular action had brought to the household. That night Larkin slept with one of the boys. The bedroom door remained locked.

In the morning Mrs. Larkin, white and weak from a night's vigil, stood beside him as he slobbered in the tin wash basin in the sink. She said, solemnly:

"Henry, last night I descended to the depths of the seventh hell for your soul, and it has been promised to me."

"Mother, ye had your trip for nothin'." he mumbled, with his face in the roller towel to which he had groped his way.

"Do you mean that you refuse to be saved?"

"No, mother, I mean that ye went lookin' in the wrong place. I hain't a reg'lar per-fesser, but still I don't reckon that my soul's in hell, and I'll stand up pretty well 'longside you or any of them Danforthites." His usually gentle voice grew a bit harsh, though there was a tremble in it of grief.

"T any rate, I wouldn't let my poor, innocent children go hungry while I stayed off by myself and prayed. My idee of God is that He is always ready to excuse a mother while she attends to the duties of her fam-

ily. I shouldn't dare to insult God by havin' a religion that made him out any diff'rent from that."

For a moment the woman looked at him with a horrified stare. "Blasphemy, blasphemy," she screamed. "You are draggin' us all to hell."

Larkin combed the long, wet hair up over his bald spot. Then he threw the comb into the tray and, going along, took his wife's hand.

"Marshy," said he, coaxingly, "ye're kind o' heifered now and don't know what ye're sayin'. I've been watchin' ye for some time, and I've come to the notion that the Danforth meetin's are a leetle too hot pepper-sass for ye. Ye keep comin' home all in a whoop-te-doo. Now, mother, stay away for a while and git ca'med down. And another thing I want to speak to ye about is this: Ye're cartin' off too much stuff out of our sullen to give to them critters over there. Ev'ry time ye go it's pettaters and butter and eggs. We can't afford it, mother."

His wife pulled her hand away. "Have ye got so low and vile and lost in sin that ye begretch givin' to God?" she demanded.

"I don't figger it thataway," he said, quietly. "Seems to me that I'm beggar-luggin' and workin' to help support a lot of men and women who are settin' up there on that sandhill in idleness."

"All that property is deeded to Lord God Almighty," she declared, with finger pointing upward. "Ev'ry man, woman and child there is consecrated to God. Evangelist Danforth is merely trustee. Ev'rything that goes through his hands is for God."

"If that's the case," said her husband, "it becomes a matter of bus'ness. Now jest let your Mr. Danforth show me power of attorney from God and I'll do as much for Shiloh as any one in this neighborhood, because, Marshy, I think jest as much of the real God as you or any one else."

But the woman commenced to moan, "Lost soul! Lost soul! O son of Belial, the wrath of Heaven will descend upon this roof in answer to your blasphemy. God calls me to His safe refuge," and with eyes upraised she went back into her bedroom and again through the closed door sounded the monotone of her supplication.

Larkin looked around at the little flock of his children with moist eyes. A constraint, half fright, half bewilderment, showed in their lowered eyes and flushed faces. The older ones were afraid of their mother and

her strange denunciations. The younger had the shamed feeling that their father had, somehow, committed some great fault that they could not understand.

"Cheer-up, chickens," said Larkin, with a wistful little smile. "Mum isn't feelin' real pert these days. She'll be better pretty soon. Now, all turn to and lend a hand in gittin' breakfast," he added, cheerily, "and we'll be all right."

As Larkin rested at a furrow's turn that forenoon he saw his team driven out of the yard. His wife and the eldest girl occupied the wagon. Behind the seat was a trunk. He was too far away to overtake them, but he started to stride across the field. Then he paused irresolutely, sighed and returned to the plow handles. His "Gid dap" to his horses had the echo of a groan. At dinner-time the daughter had not returned.

When she drove into the yard late in the afternoon Larkin was busy at his chores. The little girl ran to him weeping. "Mamma stayed there." Her voice was hoarse with sobbing, long continued. "She took her trunk, too. She sent me home."

"Jest a leetle visit to the saints, prob'ly," said Larkin, consolingly, as he caressed the child's tangled hair. "Didn't mum tell ye how long she was goin' to stop?"

The little maid raised a face that was traced with the teardrops coursing deviously down through the smooches of highway dust. "Fuf-fuf forever—so she said!" and the forlorn little creature broke into a wail. The other children came running from the house and the barn. The same apprehensive, frightened expression showed on the face of each.

"Mamma hain't comin' home no more," wailed the little girl, crushing her face against the rough gray of Larkins' trousers. All the children broke out into such a chorus of grief that two Jersey calves, sequestered from their dams in a horse stall, were stimulated to join in the dolorous lamentation. With the children clinging about his legs Larkin stood there in the dooryard, a strange picture of bewildered distress. He raised his head as a hail came to him from the roadside. His neighbor Dillingham had reined up, and was sitting with one foot thrown out over the wheel.

"What in tunket all your young 'uns tow-wowin' about that way?" asked Dillingham. "You look like Moses after he'd busted up the golden ca'f."

Larkin extricated himself from the children and came forward across the yard rather shamefacedly.

"Oh, there hain't nothin' special the matter," he mumbled, "nothin' to make any stir over. Only—only—Marshy's got kind o' int'rested in this Shiloh thing, and she's gone over there to stay a day or two and kind o' join in one of them protracted meetin's, ye know. And the chicks here are sort o' homesick—ye know how it is when the woman goes away! You know!" He pulled up a stalk of plintain and went to stripping off the seeds with his broad thumbnail. Dillingham looked at him keenly.

"Say, Larkin," he broke out at last, "ye hadn't ought to let a tetchy sort o' woman like your'n git in amongst people that go it so hot on religion as them Shilohites do. It's bad for you and her and your home."

"Wal-l-l," drawled Larkin, "she's been all possessed to go there to meetin' and I don't like to interfere with wimmenkind's religion. This is sort of a free country, ye know."

"That may be. But the way I figger things, too much religion of that kind up there on that sand hill is worse 'ern not enough. I believe that Danforth is an injury to this section. He got the Hutchersons to break up and leave their place, and the whole kit and caboodle of 'em have gone there to live. Hutcherson's pooled all his prop'ty into the place and I don't see how he's much better off than a pauper. Why, he went and drove all his stock up onto that hill and those critters hustled his six hogs down into the woods and knocked 'em on the head. Said they was unclean. Some of them shotes would have weighed two hundred. I don't believe in any such actions. These times hain't Bible times, by a long shot. You can reckon up a dozen families within twenty miles of here that have been broken up that way."

Larkin ran his finger along the tire of Dillingham's fore wheel. "Quite likely," he assented; "quite like. And yit I s'pose if any one's goin' to live right strict and straight by the Bible it's about the only thing to do—give right up, ye know."

"You hain't converted, are ye?" asked Dillingham. "Are you goin' to join and be a saint up there on Beulah hill?"

"Don't go foolin', Jeff," expostulated Larkin. "I was only tryin' to show that believin' in the Bible the way she does, Marshy hain't to be blamed a whole lot."

"Oh, I don't say as how she don't mean all right," answered Dillingham, bluffly. "But you know, and I know, that any one with a fam'ly to look after and support

can't go to livin' Bible too much. 'F I's in your place, Hen, I'd have a good talk with Marshy, and if her home and children hain't enough to keep her here to look after them I'd fetch her home and fetch her darn good and solid. I've heer'n"—Dillingham leaned over and spoke in lower tones to Larkin—"I've heer'n that the reason that wimmen and some men are so possessed to stay there at Shiloh is because that Danforth sort o' mesmerizes 'em."

Larkin stared up at the speaker, his eyebrows wrinkling with distress.

"Oh, Jeff, you don't believe in nothin' like that; do ye?"

"I hain't one of them superstitious folks as believes all what they hear, but still, when ye think it over, ye can't help——" He paused and looked at Larkin. Larkin returning the look. There was silence. Then Larkin's eyes dropped to the wheel tire. He sighed.

"Wal," said he, "I'm hopin', yes, I expect she'll be workin' out of it in a little while."

"Hope so, Larkin," replied Dillingham, heartily, "hope so, sartinly." He gathered up his reins. "Tell ye what I'd do! Let her stay there two, three days and don't say a blame word. Then hitch up and drive over and I'll bet ye cartwheels to doughnuts she'll wopse into that wagon mighty quick and glad of the chance. Use'y cranky religious notions peter out of themselves."

Larkin had waited three days. No message came down from Shiloh to him. He did all he could to keep his little flock contented, but he knew he failed miserably. The pathos of the little torn frocks and worn stockings that he didn't know how to mend struck to his tender heart. His queer, flat biscuit and the wizened ginger cookies began to pall on the appetites of the little brood. So he journeyed to Shiloh.

He didn't glance up at the score of windows as he ascended the long flight of steps to the main entrance. He nervously felt there were eyes at every pane of glass. Above the door circled a great sign bearing the words, The Truth. He knocked three times, but no one answered. Sliding his jar of syrup under his arm, he cautiously pushed open the outer door and entered a large vestibule. Several doors led from this. Through one door he heard the monotonous drone of many voices. He chose another door and knocked somewhat sharply. After a time he heard a woman's step

and a woman's voice singing along the corridor.

"There's a plenty, yes, a plenty in Father's Bank Above."

She opened the door.

He asked, humbly, "Would it be too much trouble to see Mis' Larkin—Mis' Marshy Larkin, and tell her that her husband wants to see her?"

"This is Thursday," said the woman. "It's the day of healing the sick—we are praying for the sick all over the United States. It's a very holy day at Shiloh. It's a day of fasting and we don't care for visitors."

She was about to close the door, but he put out his elbow to prevent.

"It's kind of important," said he. The woman gave a side glance at his eggs and then pursing her lips, said:

"I'll speak to Mr. Danforth. You wait here a moment." She went back along the corridor singing:

"And when we want a little sum, He asks: 'Why don't you oftener come,
For there's a plenty, yes, a plenty in Father's Bank Above.'"

When she came back she led him to a little room in the tower, one floor above. He saw a desk, a Bible on a big book-rest, many papers scattered about and from the desk there came forward to greet him a youngish man. His manner was brisk and his smile was radiant. In the roughened voice of a public speaker who has been overtaking himself, the man said:

"I am Mr. Danforth. I believe this is Mr. Larkin. I am very pleased to see you here for your wife is one of our dearest and most truly consecrated workers. We call her Mother Glory here."

Larkin allowed the evangelist to shake his rough, stubby hand.

"She has only one sorrow now," continued the evangelist, a coaxing smile wrinkling under his thin beard. He continued to grasp Larkin's hand and squeezed the fingers softly. Danforth placed his other hand on Larkin's shoulder. "Her great cross is that you haven't given your heart to God." The evangelist pronounced it "Gord," and with so singular an intonation that Larkin almost felt that he was hearing the name of some new personage peculiar to Shiloh. The continued grasp of the clergyman's fingers made him nervous. His handshakes had always been of the short and decisive Yankee sort. Larkin withdrew his hand. He was about to set down the

eggs and his jar. The evangelist took them. "I thank you for them in the name of the Lord," said he.

"I brought these for Mis' Larkin," the husband explained, "jest for her."

"All is for the Lord here," said the evangelist, his smile never relaxing. Larkin, with a trace of Yankee stubbornness showing itself, reached out and took back the basket.

"I've come here to tell ye," said he, "that I hope ye'll prosper with your work, Mr. Danforth. But I reckon our fam'ly 'll have to quit givin' so much. We can't stand it—I can't."

"Don't talk about yours—yours!" interjected the evangelist, sharply. "Every stick and stone of yours belongs to Lord God Almighty. When He calls on you as His trustee you must deliver."

"You're posted in learnin' and I hain't," returned Larkin. "I don't know enough to discuss them things with ye. I don't propose to. But I don't see how you or any one else lays claim to anything that I've worked for and earnt."

"When your heart is softened by the blood of the Crucified One," Danforth said, gently, "you'll say, 'All, all, Lord, all for thee.'"

Then the evangelist changed his tone suddenly. He leaped up, jarred down his arm with a wide gesture, and pointed a quivering finger at Larkin. He shouted, "Come out of that man, ye demon of unrighteousness—come out, I say!" He stamped his foot. Larkin stared at him blankly. The face of the religious enthusiast was convulsed with excitement.

The farmer's wondering apathy disconcerted the evangelist. He dropped into a chair and said, crossly:

"At that command I have had men fall and writhe while the demon in them shrieked for mercy." He settled his white tie, working his neck to and fro. Larkin said nothing, but the puzzled expression on his face indicated that he believed the other was touched a bit.

"As I was saying," resumed the farmer, after a pause, "we're poor and we can't do no more. The children need Mis' Larkin at home. If you're havin' any kind of a convention or something and she wants to stay over Sunday I hain't no objections. We'll worry along at home somehow. But come to think it over"—he looked again at the evangelist rather apprehensively—"I reckon she'd better ride

back with me to-day. I'll be obliged to you if you'll call her."

Danforth leaned back in his desk chair, set his fingers before his breast tip to tip in the form of a baseball catcher's mask and said, with the air of the autocrat, "Sister Larkin has definitely given herself to God. The message came to her long ago and she fought the Spirit. But the Lord has conquered, and the great hand of God has pressed her to broader fields. How dare she resist in the face of the great day of Armageddon? Our dear sister has enrolled herself as one of the seventy that are about to go, two and two, to the furthestmost ends of the earth to carry the last word of God—the last word before the day when the Anti-Christ and his forces shall be overwhelmed. She is going to the Dark Continent."

Larkin broke in on the evangelist's zealous declaration.

"You don't mean to tell me that that woman thinks she's goin' to Afriky, do ye?" demanded the farmer.

"Her message says Africa," replied the clergyman, solemnly.

"Wal, I've got another message to give her," Larkin broke out. A flush spread over his tanned face. "I've got a message from five poor, little, hungry chicks that are cryin' and teasin' night and day for their mother. And now I'll be obliged to ye, Mr. Danforth, if ye'll let me see my wife while I give her that message."

The farmer bent such a look on the evangelist that the latter rose and opened a little door in the side of his room. Larkin immediately heard more distinctly the buzz of voices that had been distant obligato to the conversation in the tower room. The door opened on a gallery high on the wall of a great room that was crowded with worshippers. Some sat on long benches, some knelt. Others were prostrate on the floor. Several women were kneeling close by the wall of the room, and as they rocked slowly they looked up into space with the rapt stare of religious hysteria. A man on the rostrum was praying. He crouched on his hands and knees. His rotund supplication was shot through with Amens, shrilled in feminine tones.

"Your wife is at the service," said the evangelist. "If you want to see her come with me."

Larkin picked up his eggs and jar and followed. The farmer would have protested when, after descending the stairs, the evangelist insisted that he enter the prayer

room. But Danforth gently thrust him in and gave him a seat. For a few moments the session went on. Larkin saw his wife kneeling at the rostrum's edge with other women, her face on the dusty carpet of the platform. The evangelist slowly threaded his way among the kneeling worshippers. When he reached the rostrum the man who had been praying ceased. Danforth bent and touched Mrs. Larkin on the head. She raised her eyes, heavy with vigils and red-rimmed with weeping.

"Sister Larkin," said the evangelist, in a loud tone, "Satan is making one more damnable grasp at you as you enter the doors of God's everlasting peace."

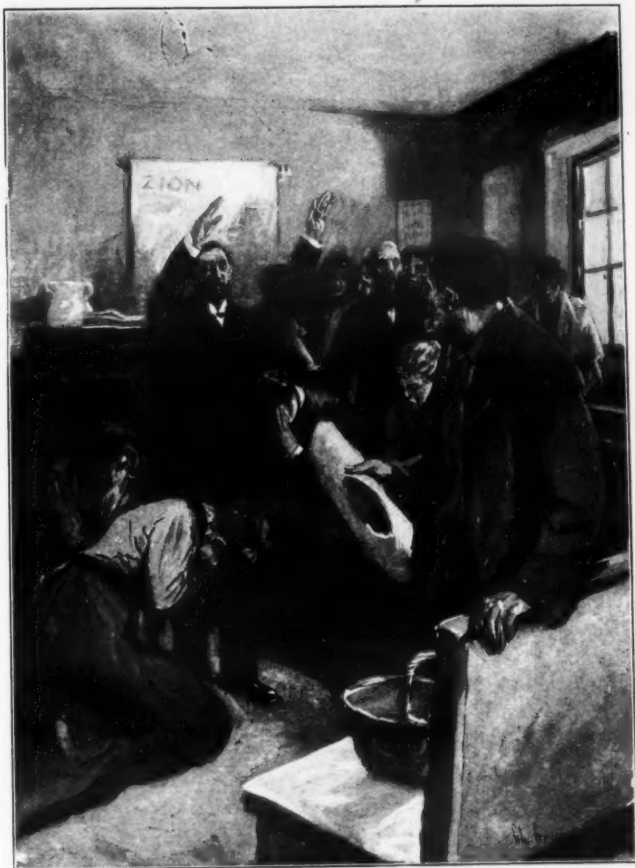
The woman's startled eyes followed the gaze of the scowling minister. She saw her husband sitting at the rear of the room. She started up, her mouth unclosing to speak. Then she settled back on her knees, raising her eyes as she clasped her hands.

"O mighty Saviour," she cried, "hast Thou indeed given us this poor, lost soul in answer to my beseeching? Glory! Glory!"

"Glory!" shouted the others. But the evangelist checked the cries with a gesture, accompanied by an indulgent smile. "Dearly beloved," he said, "this man still wanders in the black darkness of the Lost. And the demon in him, not content with mocking the Blessed Spirit, must needs make him a stumbling block to the Lord's elect."

There were groans and inarticulate cries. Mrs. Larkin's eyes overflowed with tears. She gazed with the martyr's misty stare at her husband over her clasped hands.

"This man comes here to-day," continued the speaker, "to demand that one whom God



"Get thee from the sanctuary, Satan," screamed the evangelist."

has taken unto Himself shall continue to cleave to the gross things of earth. He asks that our dear sister who has consecrated herself to the service of the Most High shall return to the fleshpots. I have brought him here to show him that God cannot be thus mocked. O Lord of Heaven!—the evangelist spread up his hands, raised himself on tiptoe and vibrated like a twanged bowstring as he screamed—"wilt Thou not

strike him with instant conviction. Strike him, Lord! Dear Lord, strike him!"

With a mighty shout, the kneeling people broke out into song.

"O, Thou, who from the smitten rock
Didst make the waters start,
O, Lord, Most High, come now and knock
Upon this flinty heart."

Larkin gnawed at a bit of beard that he had gathered between his teeth. His face was sullen, for he resented his position as a target for eyes, appeal and anathema.

"Strike him, Lord, strike him," continued the chorus.

Then came a jumble of prayers and exhortations, no one looking at him, but clamoring for his salvation then and there, that it might be a miracle for the support of the faith. But this theatrical onslaught planned by the evangelist had not the effect that he had evidently expected. Larkin's heart was tender, but he also possessed plenty of hard-headed Yankee obstinacy that rebels at purely emotional spasms.

He gnawed more irritably at his beard. At last he slowly rose.

"God has touched him! Praise His Holy Name!" shouted the evangelist.

The people became silent and looked at Larkin expectantly. The farmer cleared his throat and spoke low and directly at the woman who was eyeing him tearfully from the rostrum front.

"Marshy, can't I see ye a minit in private?"

She made as though to reply, but the evangelist interrupted. "We are all children of God's family. Speak on, brother, speak on!"

"Ye hain't members of my fam'ly," said Larkin, brusquely, "and I don't propose to discuss my affairs before ye. Marshy, will ye please step outside jest a minit?"

"Walk not with Satan in the secret ways," warned the evangelist.

The woman looked piteously from one to the other. The instincts of the home, welded by years of connubial association, drew her one way, but the obsession of her fanaticism sundered the home ties and held her. She broke the silence by stammering, "Henry, I guess ye can say all ye've got to say right here before these dear friends in Christ."

The husband's face grew dark. He paused a bit, then said, "Marshy, so fur's I'm concerned, I hain't got nothin' to say to ye that I'm ashamed to speak out. If there's any

shame about it, it will be comin' to you, not me."

Some inconsequential female enthusiast struck up the song, "Ashamed of Jesus." The people sang it through while Larkin stood shuffling his feet, impatient at the interruption.

When they had finished he started in again. "I should think any woman and mother would be ashamed of havin' her husband obliged to stand up in a public place and tell her that her poor little children are cryin' at home, ragged and ha'f hungry and mournin' for her. I sh'd think——"

Another voice started, "We All Are Children of Jesus." This, too, was sung through, but if the intent was to set Larkin down it failed.

He commenced again as soon as the singer's voices trailed away into silence. "Marshy, hain't ye comin' home now and do your duty by us? We need ye, wife. Ev'ry one of them little shavers, I'll bet ye, is a-leanin' over the fence now, a-watchin' for me and you." He looked at her wistfully and a tear rolled down his face into his beard.

"Look there, Brother Larkin, look there!" broke in the evangelist. "There sit my wife and my baby. If the Lord called me now—now, this minute, I'd start for Africa, even if I knew I'd never see them again on earth. There'd be all the sweeter reunion in heaven." A frenzy of shouts hailed this declaration.

"I don't care what you'd do," roared Larkin, now fully exasperated. "Critters like you, with a psalm-book for a head and the Book of Job for a heart don't——" A clamor of voices interrupted him.

"Beware, you are standing in the Holy Place of the Lord God."

"I'm standin' on my rights as a man and the father of innocent children that have been robbed of a mother," Larkin bellowed back.

"Get thee from the sanctuary, Satan," screamed the evangelist. He raised his arms above his head, then bent forward and beat the air in the direction of the offender. Larkin stood glaring back at him. His gray hair fairly bristled. The worshippers, all on their feet now, their voices shaking with excitement, shouted their "Devil-driving song." Still Larkin stood there, striving to speak. At last, driven frantic by the taunts and the fierce denunciations, he leaped upon a settee and his voice, roughened and deepened by many years of shouting at his oxen, fairly beat down the clamor that was raised against him.

His convulsed features terrified the women and even intimidated the men. When the others were quiet and the great voice of the farmer held sway, they discovered that he was frantically cursing them, their work, and even the sort of God they had set up for worship.

"Will you stand and hear Satan besmear the name of the Most High?" shrieked the evangelist. "Remove him, men. Gird on the armor of David and cast him into outer darkness!"

Simultaneously several men rushed at Larkin. Some jumped over the backs of settees. The room was a bedlam with the wails of women. On the seat beside Larkin was the basket that he had thriftily kept with him. Now, with the blind instinct of the man at bay, he stooped and filled his hands with big, brown eggs. With unerring aim, he plashed one egg between the eyes of a lusty young man who led the forces. Another egg made an impressionist sketch in yellow on an elder's frock coat. All halted. This grotesque defense quenched their martyr ardor. Even saints who scorn death may fear for their best clothes.

"If that hain't a hint to let me be,"

roared Larkin, "I'll break the back of the first man that lays his finger on me."

Then the unwonted excitement overpowered him and his sudden wrath boiled over into grief. He held out his arms with a sudden gesture, and the eggs, rolling from

his outstretched palms, went spacking down on the floor and settees.

"O h, Marshy, my wife, for God's sake, come home to our children."

The woman looked at him and then at the evangelist, who stood above her, white and grim.

"Here is God calling you, calling you," murmured Danforth, pointing to the Bible. "There, yonder, is Satan tempting you back to black, black death in the sin of your soul. He is coaxing you by the mere transitory ties of sinful, fleshly

earth. Ah, sister, you cannot be long in the choosing."

For a long, pregnant minute the woman stared at her husband, her visage wrinkling with pained hesitancy. But at last there came into her eyes that expression of hysterical exaltation. She turned and laid her hand in the palm of the smiling evangelist.

"For God's sake, come to the babies," cried Larkin hoarsely.



"He bumped slowly home in his old wagon, his elbows on his knees, his eyes on the dust-covered dashboard."

"For God's sake she stays here," shouted the minister, jubilantly. The woman fell on her knees with her face once more pressed to the worn and faded carpet. One deep voice led the way into the sonorous song of abnegation:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee."

Larkin looked long and wistfully at the bowed head of his wife. He sobbed. If he had made the resolution to take her away by force that resolution was manifestly short-lived. His quiet nature couldn't be spurred to such a step. He turned after a time and walked to the door. There he halted and in choking tones called back, "Marshy, what shall I tell the children for ye?"

But the people on their knees sang so lustily that his broken voice did not reach her. He went out, closed the door and stood for a while with his head bowed in thought, while behind still pulsed that rolling chorus:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee."

The dull monotone of the song followed him all the way down the hill as he stumbled along through the sunshine. Its memory-echo throbbed in his ears as he bumped slowly home in his old wagon, his elbows on his knees, his eyes on the dust-covered dashboard. A scowl was knitted deep above the eyes that usually were so placid. He muttered wordlessly. At last he came to the

dip of the hill that commanded a view of his home. He reined his horse and looked down. Little patches of faded color marked where the children were playing. As he sat there and gazed, the anger slowly melted out of his face and tears came squeezing down into his beard. His quiet, simple nature had confronted a problem and a grief with which it felt unequal to cope.

"God," he muttered, at last, looking up at the reddening cloud-masses piled above the horizon, "I still b'lieve Ye are There, and I b'lieve Ye are a diff'rent God than some folks try to make Ye out as bein'. A man as has babies lookin' to him can't afford to b'lieve that God hain't standin' behind him. It seems hard, God, to b'lieve that Ye are backin' them people on Shiloh. I've been mad and hard-hearted to-day, and I can't b'lieve it jest yet. If Ye are, then excuse me. I don't know much, God, not enough to stand up like some folks and swear that the way I think things ought to be run, is the only way to run 'em here on earth. I know they do say, God, that followin' You hain't trav'lin' on the broad and easy road. And there hain't much account made of fam'lies up in heaven. I reckon, God, that 'tain't best for me to meddle too much. But if it's really You that have taken the mother away from them little children down there, then it's only right to ask Ye to give me the strength and the knowledge and patience and courage to take her place among 'em—and that's as father to Father!"

THE TRAINING SALLY WATERS GOT

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

I.

[T was Sergeant Pim—old Jim Pim, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 0—who trained Sally Waters, and he was the one member of the crew least fitted to play the part of dominie. He was the Merry Andrew of the truck-house, though he was the oldest blue-shirt in it, whence, under the provisions of the book of rules, he got his sergeant. So far from having any of the dignity of the pedagogue, it was characteristic of him that whenever he signed his name, he made a monogram of his initials, adding an "im;" and so wrote, in four letters, his given name

and his surname, Jim and Pim. He won wagers of tobacco from the probationers with that trick. He could handle a pack of cards like the wizard of a Bowery musee. He practiced an amateur ventriloquism, imitating the squeak of Punch, and he had a negro minstrel art of repartee.

These accomplishments brought him a flattering popularity among the men; but that popularity, like the fame of the professional humorist, betrayed while it flattered. He was compelled to provide amusement for his admirers, who watched him during their sit-

ting-room leisure with mouths set ready for an applauding smile, and he alternated between fits of clownishness—when he sacrificed all dignity for laughter—and fits of a somewhat sour wit—when, in his endeavors to regain what he had lost, he punished familiarity as insolence and flayed an innocent victim as a peace-offering to his self-respect.

It was during one of the latter moods that he became involved in the education of Private Waters, whom he had nicknamed Sally, and picked as the butt of his wit. That befell on an April morning after the crew had finished their "committee work"—had groomed their horses, swept the main floor, brightened harness, brass and steel work, and washed, oiled and polished the big truck till it shone like a gigantic toy. Sergeant Pim was in the sitting-room above stairs, with three of his companions, stretching his long legs under a game of poker. When he was not growling at a luck which duplicated his discard always in his draw he was calling out sarcasms at Waters for the dust he was raising in sweeping the sitting-room floor.

"Sally," he was saying, "you should've passed a civil service exam. as a sweep." For it was known that he was already studying for such an examination in order to qualify for promotion to a lieutenantancy. "You should've been a white-wings. Your style of sweepin' isn't indoor sweepin'. It's Broadway in a forty-mile breeze."

Waters had but lately come to the company, and as the freshman of the crew it became him to be meekly silent.

Pim lost on a call to show his cards, and spat contemptuously. "'Waters,'" he said: "'Waters!' What a name to squirt on a fire!"

Waters silenced a snicker from the men by retorting unexpectedly: "What's the matter with Pim for a name?"

Pim did not look up from his dealing of the cards. "Pim?" he said, cheerfully. "Well, there's just one thing the matter with 'Pim,' Sally. Pim's no name for corner-saloon politics."

This was a reference to Dry Dime Dolan, an uncle of Waters, and a ward politician whose influence, according to the gossip of the truck-house, had pushed Waters into the fire brigade.

Waters leaned on his broom and knit his level eyebrows in a glare at Pim. The sergeant regarded his hand of cards. The men about him were in a broad grin.

"Give a dog a good name," he continued, "an' make his fortune. I've seen lobsters come into a crew when they didn't know a hook from a four-way hydrant, an' they've gone up the grades faster'n they could climb a scalin' ladder." He paused for his effect. "Firemen's like the 'Henglish Hierarchy' for ancestors these days. You don't need a grandfather, but if you've got an uncle—"

Waters broke out at him with an oath. "You darned old barnacle," he said, "you ought've been scraped out o' here long ago. You're too darned ignorant to get a promotion yourself, and because you can't get along, you're sore on any one else that does."

Pim said, "It's slow climbin' when the ladder's full, and the probationers go up the back stairs."

Waters threw down his broom and struck the table with his clinched fist. "By G——!" he screamed, in a young man's cracked voice of wrath, "I'll go up your ladder over your shoulders! You wait! And I'll put my heel between your teeth when I get up, you old back-number, you spavined old cripple, you!"

Pim was the oldest, but one of the most wiry and seasoned fire-fighters in this fit company. He smiled at the harmlessness of Waters' abuse.

"Well, well," he said. "Will you, now? Whisky's a power in the land, sure enough. They say some Third Avenue brands'll put out a fire."

The saloon of Dry Dime Dolan was on Third Avenue, but Waters did not answer. He stood with the echo of his own high voice in his ears, staring at the face of a fireman in whose pitying smile he read that he had made himself ridiculous. He turned with a growl of profanity, kicked his broom into a corner, and went below stairs, his mouth set in an ugly snarl of anger.

The other men at the cards had sat through the quarrel as if deaf. They had learned the wisdom of the truck house: "Never interfere in an argument until it's a fight." Even now, only Pim's chum Parr, dared to remonstrate with him.

"Look here, now, Jim," he said, "here's a lad with a pull. What's the matter with keeping on the right side of him?"

Pim cocked an eyebrow. "When I play spaniel," he said, "an' wag my tail every time any man whistles—my name won't be Pim."

"Well, what've you got against him?" Parr demanded.

"Me?" Pim said. "Got against him? Why, bless my eyes, I got nuthin' against him. Ain't he the nephew of Dry Dime Dolan? Ain't he been made a private before he's smelt smoke in his nose? Ain't he goin' to get promoted as soon as he gets wetted by a pipe? Well, what've you got against him? Ain't he risin'? Ain't he most unusual swift in risin'? An' ain't that proof that he's most unusual bright?"

The inverted argument eluded Parr, who was struggling to decide whether he should hold a kicker with a pair or should draw three cards.

"Sally's all right," Pim continued. "I knew his dad in the days when we were six-year-olds together an' helped the old 'goose-necks' paint the fires green down the Bowery. Sally's all right if he's got any of him in him. But he's got to learn that he ain't any better for being a grafter, neither. An' he's got to learn it before he'll be any good to this crew, I can tell you that. You leave Sally and me alone. We're conductin' a selec' school of instruction for one."

The card game was interrupted by an alarm on which the company hitched up, though they did not leave the station house. Pim slapped the off truck horse, Baby, on the quivering flank as it returned to its stall. "There's a mare," he said, "there's a mare has a pull like Sally now."

It was in vain that Waters pretended he did not hear; the men eyed him and grinned.

"Who's Sally?" Lieutenant Gallagher asked, innocently.

Pim winked at the men. "Sally's got an uncle on Third Avenue," he said. "He's got the jaw of a politician an' a pull like the son of a saloonkeeper."

This was a fair description of Waters' muscular jaw, but it was a riddle to the assistant foreman. He supposed from the evident amusement of the men that Pim was making fun of him, and thereafter when he heard a mention of Sally he asked no questions. The men returned to their card game laughing.

That was the formal opening of the select school of instruction which Pim conducted for the training of Sally Waters. It lasted three days, and, short of the thumbscrew tuition of the Middle Ages, it was about as bitter teaching as ever man got. It was a persecution which had as little mercy as malice, had the cruelty of blind spite without its blindness, and practiced ingenious tortures with a smile that knotted the lash of contempt. Waters tried at first to reply

to Pim's jibes; but the old sergeant had the sharper tongue; had no anger to cloud his wit; and, moreover, had the truck-house audience with him, and could rally their laughter with winks and sly asides to complete his opponent's rout. Waters was first bewildered, then hurt. He refused to answer and practiced the silence of a high contempt. Pim merely doubled the number of his insults, and at leisure picked the tenderest spots in his victim's defenselessness. Then Waters began to sulk, and by the evening of the second day his continued bad temper had set the whole crew against him. The haughtiness of his injured innocence bore itself like the pride of the grafter. The other men began to imitate Pim, and the sharpness of Waters' retorts stung those into open enmity who had hitherto felt only a contemptuous pity for him. He lay awake that night in his bunkroom cot, thinking on his grievances, and his hands ached to grip Pim's lean neck and choke the old sergeant's comfortable snore.

Now, at its best, life in Number O's truck-house was not good, either for the temper or for the nerves. The district was a warehouse section where fires, and particularly night fires, were destructive and dangerous. It was necessary that the crew should respond to an alarm with the greatest promptness, and, therefore, day or night, the men had to hitch up on every ring of the jigger, whether they rolled on it or not. The average number of night alarms was six; twelve was not uncommon; and the sleep from which a man must jump into his turnout, drop down a story on a sliding pole and man a hook-and-ladder truck six times, "is not the sleep," as Pim said, "where the jiggers cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Private Waters had been used to eight hours on his back, with his mouth open and his ears shut. The night alarms aided Pim in his persecutions.

"Sally's lookin' thin," Pim said, next morning. "He hasn't dropped on such a fine fat job as he thought, I guess."

Waters was in the school of William the Silent, and having no friends, he stood up straight on his heels, bit his teeth together and bided his time.

"Still Waters run deep," Pim teased him. He got no answer.

It became plain to Pim that the joke had gone too far; it had become plain to everybody else in the house; and it had become particularly plain to Parr. He remonstrated clumsily with Waters.

"What's eatin' you, anyway?" said he. "Pim don't mean you harm. Nobody don't mean you harm. There ain't any call to get sore on the thing. It's just Pim's fool way."

"Is it?" Waters said. "Well, he'll learn a new way before I've done with him. I'll make him eat dirt for poundin' me the way he's been doin'." He walked away with his head in the air.

Parr went back to Pim. "Look here now, Jim," he said. "You leave Waters alone. You take my advice and leave Waters alone."

Pim tried to laugh it off. "What's the matter now?"

Parr said, solemnly: "That's all right. I'm givin' you a straight tip. You leave Waters alone."

"Well, say," Pim protested, "what's the use you comin' round here with a holler like that? It ain't me that's worryin' Waters. He's goin' round like a pup with a sore ear an' the boys is tryin' to take it out of him."

"... Serves him right," he added, "for bein' an unlicked cub. 'Tain't my fault."

He was uneasy, nevertheless. He speculated on the meaning of Parr's vague warning and saw political intrigue and trickery hinted at in it. He would gladly have dismissed his select school of instruction, but the men kept making sly hits at Waters and kept looking at Pim for the smile of approbation which he could not consistently refuse. Waters preserved the silence of the man who had his revenge ready for the hour that would bring his opportunity. Pim began to worry.

So the affair proceeded to the third and last day. On that morning Pim saw Waters come downstairs from the bunkroom and saw a spirit in the private's carriage which reiterated his threat: "I'll go up your ladder over your shoulders. And I'll put my heel between your teeth when I get up." Pim was suddenly aware that he had made himself a bitter enemy. He watched Waters from the corner of his eye as he worked at the running gear of the truck's hind wheels. There was a deadly earnestness about the private which made his silence voluble. The crew at its labors missed its morning laugh.

After the work was done, it was Pim's turn to take watch; and he sat alone at the desk beneath the jigger chewing the cud of a new reflection and tattooing thoughtfully on the blotter. Waters, instead of being meek under the tuition which he had received, was evidently plotting to be revenged on his tutor. With this purpose burning in

him, and with Dry Dime Dolan's influence to aid him, he might possibly get Lieutenant Gallagher's place. And at thought of that, Pim tasted heel leather.

Discipline in the fire department is as strict as among the military, and insubordination gets dismissed at once from the ranks. In truck house Number O, a fireman could not even take a bath without first asking his superior officer's permission, since it was necessary to be always on duty and always ready to respond to an alarm. No fireman could question an officer's orders to undertake any work at a fire, and in the book of rules, the officer's discretion was a blanket right which covered all the blue shirt's truck-house privileges and left him at the mercy of his superior's spite. Pim could imagine what his life would be under the domination of Sally Waters.

He chewed and spat. It was fairly certain that Waters would rise. Was it possible that he could rise, too?

He took a look at his past and a look at his prospects. He had come to the brigade twenty years before because he needed a regular salary to support his wife and family. In his second year he had distinguished himself at a fire by saving the lives of two women. He had hoped for an immediate recognition of his services, but he had been approached by the henchman of a Tammany politician with an itching palm. He had refused to grease the wheels, and the result was that he had been placed on the roll of honor for meritorious services, "without personal risk." There the recognition ended. He was marked as a man not in favor with the powers above, and he had climbed up the grades from \$800 a year to \$1,400 slowly and bitterly.

Now he was still a blue-shirt, a sergeant by courtesy of the department's rules, but with no outlook. The tide of promotion had swept by and left him stranded. He was old enough to be a battalion chief, but too young to become a lieutenant. Add to all this that he had no political pull; that he had not the textbook learning necessary to pass a civil service examination, even if he were recommended for promotion; that ambition was dead in him.

Waters had called him a barnacle. Waters was right.

He had but one consolation: That he had been independent. He had paid no blackmail to the ring; he had never cringed to his superiors; and though he had played the fool among the men, it was because he was

vain of his natural wit and his pride lived on laughter.

He wrote again and again on a blank sheet of paper, J. Pim—with the J superimposed on the P to make Jim Pim—and he looked at himself in that name and saw himself a failure, an odd character, of a comic fame in the brigade, but beyond all hope of promotion. Jim Pim in command! He laughed at the idea.

He stared at his name on the sheet like a boy at a sum.

II.

A man in an apron, running in from the street, caught at his waist on the chain that hung across the doorway, and cried: "There's a fire! Say! There's a big fire down the street!" waving his hand wildly toward the water-front.

Firemen came running up from behind the apparatus. Pim put his head out of the door and saw a light smoke curling from a window far down at the foot of the street. The man shouted in his ear, "That's it." Pim thrust him back from the doorway, slipped the catch on the doorchain, and turned to sound a still alarm on the electric button below the gong.

The three horses burst from their stalls with hoofs thudding on the planks of the floor. Before they had reached their places, Waters and several firemen had dropped down the sliding poles and clambered on the trucks. By the time Pim had backed the horses into position, the driver, in his seat, released the harness with a jerk on the reins; and Pim and Lieutenant Gallagher clasped the collars on the horses' necks as the gear fell on them. The men were all on the side steps of the truck, hastily changing their uniforms for the oil coats and helmets on the bed ladders. There was a moment's pause. Captain Meaghan cried from the sidewalk, "All right," the horses strained against their collars, and Pim caught the step of the truck as the wheels scraped past his toes.

He was repeating to himself, "Captain Jim Pim—Captain Jim Pim" in varying tones of irony and sarcasm. When he got his helmet on his head, he glanced at Waters, who was on the other side of the truck, and saw him excitedly fighting his way into his oil coat. The private was evidently eager for a chance to climb the ladder. Pim laughed. "I've put a bat in his belfry," he thought.

As the sum of further recollection, he

concluded, "I'll give him a run for his money, too, at that," and settled his helmet more firmly on his head.

When they drew near the fire he recognized the burning building as one of the few tenements left in that district between the water-front street of sailors' boarding-houses and the warehouses which had crowded them out. He saw also that the alarm had come in late, since the smoke was now pouring out of all the three windows of the third floor, and the occupants above it were throwing pans, bedding and even furniture into the street below. A crowd had gathered at a safe distance to laugh and enjoy the excitement. Gallagher shouted back to Pim, "Turn in an alarm!" Pim dropped from the step at a street corner to run for a fire box, a block away. That was giving Waters a handicap.

He doubled back on a steady lope with a policeman lumbering along behind him. The arrival of the company had drawn a crowd that blocked the street. He shouldered his way through them, caught an axe from the truck, and darted into the doorway of the burning building to the stairs. He found the crew pouring down from the upper landing. "Whole floor's afire," the first man told him. He turned back with them. He noticed that Waters was the last man down; he must have been the first up.

The police had cleared the sidewalk. The rain of bedding from above had ceased. The women who had been throwing it out had found that the fire had cut them off from the stairs, and they leaned out of the windows now, screaming and weeping hysterically. One corpulent Italian matron had straddled the sill; she kicked at the wall with a shoeless foot as if she were going to jump.

Captain Meaghan stopped her with a roar of the voice of authority that quieted her as if she had been a screaming infant. "Get up there with your ladders," he cried to a squad of men with whom Waters was standing. "Gallagher," he ordered his lieutenant, "open up the roof. Take the rope with you."

Gallagher snapped his fingers at Pim, Parr and two others of the men. They buckled on life-belts; picked out a coil of line and a light ladder; took axes, hooks and crowbars, and disappeared in the doorway of the adjoining warehouse, just as Waters—first again—caught the hook of his scaling-ladder on the sill of the first-story window and went up the pole of it at the

double. Captain Meaghan said, "Steady, there."

Waters straddled the sill of the first window with his left leg in the room; turned the hook of the ladder out from him; raised the forty-pounder with a sure arm—his hands far apart, his left hand uppermost to steady the weight—and put the hook in the second-story window with the precision of a timed drill. The hook of the ladder below him touched his toes as he stood up.

"Good enough," Captain Meaghan said, "good enough. . . . Steady, there!"

Waters had the top of his ladder in the smoke of the third-story window before the man who was following him had fairly gripped the sill of the second story with his knees.

"Shake yourself there," Meaghan called to the latter. "Don't let your leader get away from you like that. . . . Who is that first man?" he asked the remainder of the squad.

"Waters," they said.

Waters was sitting in the belch from the third-story window. He called down something unintelligible. "Go up, go up!" Meaghan roared.

Waters went up. The head of his ladder rose steadily along the red brick wall until the fat Italian woman caught it at arm's length. She shook it and yelled excitedly.

Meaghan bellowed: "Leave that alone, woman!"

She attempted to put her foot on it and in doing so, she released her hold of it. Waters wrenched it free, jabbed it up savagely with both hands and struck her with the hook with such force that she fell back into the room. Before she could get righted, he was in the window. She attempted to throw her arms about him; he held her back with a hand at her throat; and she fought like a drowning woman.

Captain Meaghan, stamping in the gutter, bawled: "Good enough, good enough. Get her down, now, boys. All up there; all up."

The chain of ladders was completed from the ground to Waters, and the remaining four men of the crew clambered up these to stations at an equal distance from each other. Waters caught the frantic woman about the waist, and despite the stranglehold she took around his neck, despite her screams and her kickings, and despite her two hundred pounds, he got her down to the man below him with the loss only of his helmet, which she knocked off when he closed with her.

She was passed down from man to man, struggling more and more feebly as she descended, flapping like a great hen in her voluminous and fluttering skirts. She collapsed, breathless, on the pavement, gasping her gibberish. Waters went back for the next woman, who came quietly.

The smoke was thickening from the third-story window, so that the man below Waters had to go down beneath it and take his station there. As the last woman was passed down, her dress caught fire in a tongue of flame, and the firemen beat it out with their hands. Waters went back to the fourth-story window. He climbed in through it.

A fire engine came blowing shrilly down the street, with its tender turning the corner behind it. "They were slow enough," Captain Meaghan growled.

He was watching the edge of the roof for Gallagher. "Get your thirty-five foot ladders up," he ordered his squad, and they began to get out the heavy ladders to carry the lines of hose.

He watched the roof for Gallagher's squad. He heard the blows of axes on a scuttle and the crash of glass in a skylight. Then Pim appeared on the cornice with a line in his hand, and looked down at the flame below him. A puff of smoke burst threateningly from the fourth-story window through which Waters had entered. Captain Meaghan yelled and waved at Pim to get his line over the cornice. "There's a man in there," he shouted; "Waters!"

Pim ran back to tie his rope.

Gallagher and the others of the squad, who had been opening smoke vents in the roof, had found that the fire was fierce in the rear of the building, where both the third and fourth stories were ablaze. When they got the trap-door off, the smoke came out as if from a chimney. It was impossible to descend into it. They turned at Pim's shout from the cornice and ran to help him loop the life line to a chimney there.

"Waters' in down there," he said. "He's cut off below." He peered over the cornice. "We'll have to haul him up, I guess."

He put a twist of the rope around the shaft of the snap-hook on his life-belt; dropped over the cornice with the slack of the rope drawn over his thigh, and slid down deftly to the window.

"I put a bat in his belfry all right, all right," he was muttering.

He lifted Waters' scaling ladder from the sill and raised it to catch on the cornice. Then, having released himself from the

rope, he groped his way into the hot smoke of the room and stumbled against a kitchen table. He edged around it and kicked a rocking-chair. He dropped to his hands and knees and crept forward with his face to the floor to catch whatever air there might be in a low current along the oilcloth. He heard a groan. He lay flat and listened. It was repeated ahead of him to the left. He scuttled across quickly toward it and bumped his helmet against a closed door—the hall door as he guessed from the location of the stairway. He rattled the knob; the door was locked with a latch lock. But the latch was on his side. He pulled it open and fell back from a puff of heat that came from a blazing furnace.

There was some one lying on the floor against the balustrade of the stairway. He pulled his helmet over his eyes, darted into the heat, wrapped his arms around the oil coat of a fireman—and heard the forgotten door click shut behind him.

He dropped Waters and threw himself at the door. It was locked. He kicked furiously at the panels, holding his breath against a heat that seared his eyes and cracked his lips; that dried his body till it seemed his skin was a suit of itching wool on him; that set the blood beating in his head as if it would burst. He kicked frantically at the door, turned his back on it and pounded at it with his heel. His lungs were fighting with him for a breath of the deadly heat, and his head was reeling and his knees were weak. He knotted his muscles in one last gathering of his last strength, and with a despairing kick, put his heel through the panel. He kicked it out clean with a weaker blow; fell forward on Waters; dragged him across the boards; put the private's bare head through the aperture—there was only room for one—and fainted at his feet.

Parr and Gallagher found them there three minutes later, and took them out to the roof. They were carried down through the warehouse unconscious, burned and blackened, but still alive. They were taken to the emergency ward of a hospital in the one ambulance; their burns were dressed together; and they were put to bed side by side.

It was there that Pim dismissed the class

in his select school of instruction two weeks later, when Waters was leaving the hospital, cured, and the sergeant still lay, swathed like a mummy, in his cot. Waters had been trying to thank him without quite forgiving him for his truck-house persecution. Pim had put aside this clumsy show of gratitude with a pathetic half smile that trembled between the bristle of his upper lip and the medicated cotton that covered his chin. "I guess we gave you a bad two days down at the house," he said, in an old man's voice, thin and weak with illness. "No harm done, I hope. None meant. . . . Well, I wish you luck, Waters. . . . Can't shake with you. They've got me in ten-ounce gloves," and spread his bandaged hands on the coverlet.

Waters would not accept this dismissal. He said, reddening: "I hope you'll be back at the house pretty soon."

Pim rolled his head on the pillow. "No," he said, slowly, "I'm out. . . . They've got me on my back. . . . Yes, that's right. They've got me down." It was the sum of two weeks of bitter reflection—two weeks in which he had looked back on a life of disappointed hopes and lost ambitions, and had found in himself the one cause of all his failures. "Waters," he said, "you've got a pull. Use it—use it for all it's worth. You'll have to toady to a lot of dubs, but I tried the other way, an' they get the laugh on you at last."

Waters said: "What you call a grafter, eh? You roasted me pretty hot on that. And it wasn't true, either. I didn't graft."

"I was a fool," Pim answered. "I—I always was. If I had my life to live over— Well, I guess I'd do the same thing again. That's me. That's Jim Pim. But if you want the last word on Jim Pim, he's been a fool. Young an' old, he's been a fool."

"You're wrong there," Waters contradicted him. Pim shook his head, but did not answer. Waters felt himself incapable of further consolation. He shifted his weight from foot to foot. He fumbled with his hat. "Well, good-by, sir," he said, huskily.

Pim licked his dry lips. "Good-by, Waters," he whispered. "Take care of yourself."

And that was the training Sally Waters got.



A Diver Coming to the Surface.

MINERS OF THE SEA

By SHELDON HANCOCK

TOSSING about in the ocean within a day's sail of New York are fully \$12,000,000 in gold and silver. Of this sum \$40,000 are in a sunken ship, almost at the feet of the summer bathers at Bergen Beach. Off Barnegat rests the schooner *Hargrave*, rich with Cuban gold, while somewhere amid its rotting timbers are the bones of a Spaniard about whose waist the shreds of a belt conceal \$50,000 in jewels. Farther away the riches are beyond computation. Nearly a half million dollars remain near Turk Island, north of Hayti, although in adjacent waters American divers have brought up a million and a half from a Spanish galleon. Near Cumana, on the north coast of Venezuela, is the Spanish flagship *San Pedro*, with \$2,000,000 in coin and as much again in jewels and plate. Foundered off the Cuban coast is the United States steamer *Central America*, of whose \$2,000,000 in California gold no diver has yet been able to secure a single coin. Also remaining untouched are \$7,000,000 on board a French man-of-war sunk in the Zuyder Zee, near Amsterdam.

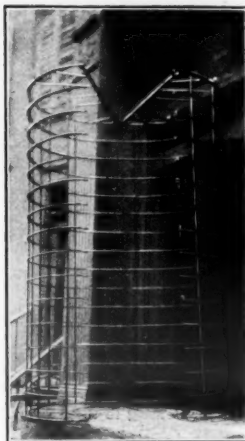
These are trifling samples of the vast and scattered treasure that forms the sole object of the amateur miner of the deep; they give a partial reason for the existence of the professional. The latter is usually employed by the great wrecking companies,

and these, in the United States, are among the most perfectly-equipped private corporations of the twentieth century. In England the diver may almost be said to hold a semi-official position, as in the majority of cases his work is carried on under contracts made by the government. There is a wreck commission belonging to the Admiralty Division and a receiver of wreck in each district of the kingdom. World-wide wrecking operations are carried on by the London Salvage Association. This is not an organization for financial profit, but is supported by Lloyds and the leading marine insurance companies. In its work the most important factors are the divers. These, when employed by the government, are generally supplied by organizations in Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, or Italy. There are other divers, however, holding positions permanently under government. These are the ones regularly attached to the navy. Every English flagship carries eight divers, every cruiser four, and every gunboat one. The men are carefully trained in the English Channel off Portsmouth, while at Chatham is the Royal Engineers' School of Submarine Mining, in which divers learn to perform some of the most delicate, yet gigantic, marvels of modern times.

The United States, too, has within recent years paid considerable attention to diving.

Annually now men from the navy are sent to the station at Newport, where they receive thorough training. Ultimately our ships will be amply provided for in this respect. And, if the English Government has been more alive than our own to the vital character of the diver's work and to the importance of his preliminary training, it may truthfully be claimed that in the United States he is associated with more admirably managed private organizations. It is conceded that American wrecking companies are the best in the world. In New York City their offices are never closed, and at any time of night an hour's notice will bring together a splendid force of divers ready for the most perilous labor, no matter how distant the call, regardless of whether it is derrick work, local, coast or foreign wrecking. A single New York company employs nearly two hundred men, who have, when necessary to their work, the aid of seven large wrecking steamers, thirteen derricks, fifteen pontoons, twenty-six wrecking anchors, thirty portable steam pumps, each with a capacity of from twenty to seventy barrels of water per minute, and twenty cables, each two hundred and seven fathoms long and from fourteen to twenty inches in circumference.

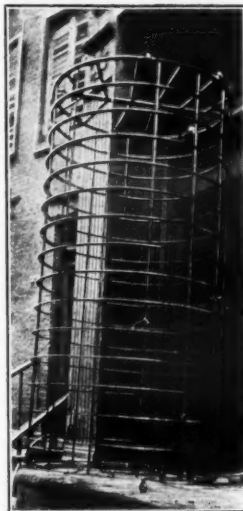
The dress of the American diver, too, is of the most recent and expensive construction. Its weight is at least one hundred and seventy pounds; its cost about \$500. Practically it consists of but two parts, the helmet and the covering for the rest of the body. The helmet is of polished sheet copper and has a capacity of about eight gallons of air. It has three circular eyeholes, or windows, one at each side and one in front, the glass framed in brass and protected by brass wire. The helmet connects with a breast-plate, and this in turn is imperviously riveted



The Diver's Cage, to Protect Him Against Sharks.

to the one-piece waterproof garment for the remainder of the body. On the diver's breast and at his back are weights of forty pounds each. These aid him in sinking to the bottom, but they may quickly be unbuckled in case of danger. From the boat above air is pumped to the diver's helmet through a waterproof pipe. A signal line, also connecting with the boat, passes under his arm. Add to this outfit boots, soled with lead and guarded with brass at toe and heel, and you have the strangest costume ever donned by mortal. It is the means by which man's sublime audacity has nearest reached to the final stage in sovereignty over the earth.

Thus arrayed, in a garment so hideously unnatural that in itself it suggests the terrors that he may have to face, let us imagine that we have been lowered with him to the bottom of the sea. What are these dangers for which he must be prepared? They are innumerable. Although he walks backward to avoid the catastrophe, the glass covering his eyes may be broken and strangulation ensue before he can reach the surface. Although his shoes are heavily weighted to steady him, one of the most frequent and dreaded dangers is that a strong current may sweep him off his feet. When this occurs he invariably stands upon his head and death almost instantly results. Should the air pipe or life line become fouled in the tangled wreckage only the most delicate work will prevent a fatality. New York divers refuse to descend if their "tender," who holds the lines on the surface, is an inexperienced man. Ignorance above water is more deadly than ignorance below. Fatal also may be the diver's own error in signaling when about to send a cargo to the surface. More than once have the



The Cage Closed.

workmen hauled on deck, not a load of rescued freight, but the writhing and expiring form of the unfortunate diver, impaled upon the iron hook.

Depth alone can chill the courage of these brave men. If extreme, it is at the present time an absolute barrier. The average depth of the North Atlantic Ocean is about four miles. As a diver cannot work farther than two hundred feet below the surface, and but few men even at one hundred and twenty-five, the development in this field must be enormous before thousands of lost ships can ever be reached. There is, it is true, a record of a depth of two hundred and four

sought a box containing \$50,000 in gold still washed by the Atlantic off one of the Canary Islands. It is the last remaining of ten, with a total value of \$500,000, carried by the Spanish ship *Alfonzo XIII*. Bound from Cadiz to Havana, she struck on a rock at Grand Canary and sank at a depth of twenty-six and one-third fathoms, or one hundred and sixty feet. The recovery of nine chests cost one man his life and another his reason, while a third is to-day more helpless than a child. It was necessary to devise a special dress that would at this depth remain water-tight. Even with this it was not believed that men could be found



Diver Going Down on the Sunken Ferryboat, *Northfield*, in New York Harbor.

feet attained by an English diver, but this was an instance of marvelous endurance that may not be repeated for a century. The tremendous pressure of the water is of course the formidable feature of this problem. The diver has pumped to him an amount of air proportionate to the pressure he sustains. In the outer air, at the sea level, this would be but fifteen pounds to the square inch. It is increased by one atmosphere, or, in other words, by fifteen pounds, with every thirty-five feet of descent. Therefore, at a depth of two hundred feet the diver must sustain a pressure of more than eighty pounds to every square inch of the surface of his body.

A pressure almost that great was sustained with tragic results by divers that

either willing to face the peril or able to sustain the pressure for a single moment. A reward of \$2,500 was offered for the recovery of each chest. Applicants were tested in the English Channel off Dartmouth. Two were selected. Neither could remain under water for longer than a few consecutive minutes. Nevertheless, at the end of six months of tedious labor and agonizing suffering they had recovered nine of the chests.

Before the work could be resumed one of the divers became a pitiable physical ruin, the awful pressure having paralyzed his very bowels. The other refused to continue the search. Another expedition was organized with a single diver, seemingly a man of steel. He remained below twenty minutes,

signaled to be brought up, and fell dead on the deck before his helmet could be removed. But the health or even the death of a few brave men counted as nothing in comparison with that annoyingly elusive tenth chest of gold. A third time the attempt was made. Of two divers employed, one, on being brought to the surface, was found to have become a raving maniac.

Strong ground currents or heavy swells, even in shallow water, rank next to great depth in endangering or prohibiting the diver's work. No American diver would hesitate to respond to calls from certain parts of the South African coast, yet no efforts are now being made to recover gold valued at half a million quietly reposing in Hell Gate, at a depth of only ten fathoms. Repeated efforts have been made at the last named spot, and doubtless again will be when more important and promising affairs are not so numerous as they have been of late. But the current in Hell Gate sweeps along at some points at the fearful rate of from eight to nine miles an hour. This difficulty is intensified by a perfect network of cross-currents and circular eddies. Nor is this all, for walking on the bottom is like attempting to step from the roof of one skyscraper to the roof of another across the street. A depth of six feet, with no gradual warning, becomes sixty. In consequence of these conditions, the diver can work only at slack water and for but a few minutes in each twenty-four hours. Let this instance assure you that there are excellent reasons in every case where divers are not seeking for well authenticated riches.

The diver, however, must have other qualities than a knowledge of possibilities and impossibilities, although even this requires an acquaintance with submarine geography,

with ocean currents, and with the construction of ships. As a class, his duties are various. In the navy the repair of accidental damages or of those sustained in combat is dependent upon him. He cleans hulls, saving the time and expense of dockwork,

clears foulings and recovers anchors. On any vessel it is a comfort to have a man that can go beneath the water and find out exactly what's the matter in place of making a hasty dash for the nearest port. The helmeted diver has also become the workman at the pearl and sponge fisheries, succeeding those toothsome morsels beloved of sharks, the naked diver, whose picturesque feats en-



A Diver in Complete Outfit, Including the Telephone.

livened the pages of your schoolbooks.

Comparatively, these are his more simple tasks. Of greater importance are they when the fate of a wrecked vessel depends upon his report. From the shore it may appear easy to get a ship off the rock upon which she has struck, and the onlooking landmen are indignant when she is blown up with no effort at salvage. The simple, businesslike explanation is that the diver's investigation has shown that the cost of repairs would more than equal her total value. When it is found possible to raise a sunken vessel, divers and pumps are practically all that is required, unless the depth is unusual. First the diver blasts away the rocks on which she has stranded. To do this without also destroying the ship itself is a matter involving no little skill. He must also cover the damaged part and fasten all portholes, stairways, hatches and shafts. A pump withdrawing something like one thousand tons of water per minute then empties the interior, and the ship rises with such rapidity that there is no time for the water again to gain entrance through im-

perfectly closed openings. Occasionally, in place of shielding the damaged part by working on the exterior, the diver constructs a solid interior wall of brick. It was proposed to raise the United States battleship *Maine* in still another fashion. Divers were to construct a dam completely encircling the vessel and extending to the surface. The water within this enclosure was to have been pumped out, leaving the ship still at the bottom, but practically on dry land. The bow was then to have been repaired and the water again permitted inside the enclosing dam. This, it was expected, would cause the ship to rise to the surface, when she could be towed to the Havana docks for complete repairs. But as yet nothing has been accomplished, and the famous ship still rests where she sank, with more than one hero's body unrecovered.

Skilled also is the labor performed by divers in the construction of piers, bridges, harbors, lighthouses and fortifications of various kinds, and while engaged in this they frequently handle blocks of stone averaging fifty tons in weight. For this work it is customary to train masons as divers, and thus where rocks were once cast pellmell into the sea, submarine foundations are now built with all the accuracy of similar work on land. In the same class also is submarine rock blasting, by which operation the River Clyde and Hell Gate have been cleared of obstructions. Here not only the diver's sub-

tlest skill, but also the miner's most technical training are required, the workman truly earning the title bestowed upon him in this article. Here, too, a demand is again made upon his courage, for the red flags floating on the surface give warning of danger even while the diver below, alone and weighted with armor, struggles with the swiftest current and carries the heavy cartridges that are soon to prove the value of his judgment in the selection of a proper place for the blast.

The personality of the diver is of unusual interest. It has already been shown that he is brave—and there is no bravery greater than that required to face the terrors of an unknown world, such as the bottom of the sea. But, strange to say, the diver's laziness is equal to his bravery. He is a meditative fellow, and when working alone would recline comfortably for hours on the ocean's bed if only his helmet could be supplied with a pipe. Indeed, even without it, he occasionally does so—unless he is being paid solely according to results.

With all his skill, intelligence and courage, the diver seldom amasses wealth. The labor of one that received \$22,500 for six months' service has physically incapacitated him for any enjoyment of life. But there is a constantly increasing appreciation of the diver's services to science and to commerce. In Sweden several divers wear medals presented by the king; in England at least one



Going Down to Work on a Sunken Sugar Steamer in Newtown Creek, Long Island.

is a knight, and in this country an aged diver possesses cups and letters testifying that scores of times he has placed his life in jeopardy and would willingly have laid it down to save that of another—greater than that, we are told, can no man do.



"When the *Saale* was burned at her Hoboken pier, divers were paid two dollars for each body recovered."

Fifty would be a liberal estimate of the number of professional divers in New York City. Eight of these are employed by the municipal government, and ten by the largest of the wrecking companies, while the remainder are either with the half-dozen other wrecking organizations or available as extra help, but with no regular connection. Few ever have an opportunity to add to their ordinary earnings. These are larger, however, than in England, where, at best, the wages are about eighty-five cents an hour for the time actually under water. New York divers employed by wrecking companies are furnished with their outfits, which are kept in repair for them, and are paid thirty dollars a month when not employed in diving. When thus occupied they receive an additional five dollars per day; at all other times they must act as deck-hands on the wrecking boats. Steady diving work, which is infrequent, enables them to earn at times \$180 a month. Occasionally some special reward is offered. When the *Saale*

was burned at her Hoboken pier, divers were paid two dollars for each body recovered. The money was well earned, as lights are useless in such water and the search was conducted entirely by the sense of touch—an uncanny labor.

The divers board and sleep on the wrecking boats. The larger derricks and steamers are comfortably fitted and boast excellent cooks and appetizing bills of fare. Married divers have homes on shore, in some instances in other cities than New York, but in either case they can visit them but seldom, and their families are not permitted to accompany them on voyages. They are subject to distant calls at any moment, and frequently remain away for months. Anything like a normal home life is out of the question, although it is more nearly approached by the few experts retained for emergencies at the headquarters of each company.

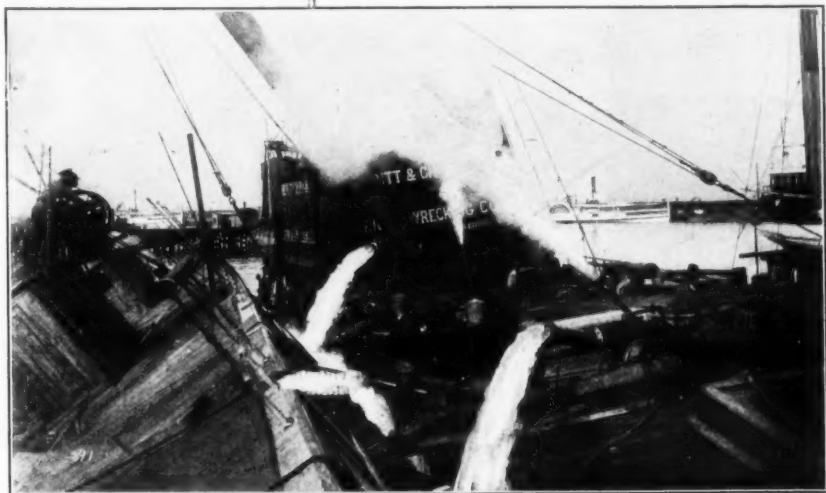
The most prosperous and otherwise most fortunate divers in New York are those employed by the city's department of docks and ferries. The result of my conversations with divers of both classes and with both government and corporation employers, leads to the conviction that these are also the most skilful. They are kept busy the year round and receive wages of five dollars per working day of four hours, with one dollar and a quarter an hour for all overtime. Their work is not as dangerous as that of the wrecking divers, they are never called from the immediate vicinity of the city, and their home life is even more regular than that of mechanics performing similar work above water. Their duties in the construction of bulkhead walls and other structures, the clearing of dirt and debris from the bed rock on which foundations are built, the laying of concrete beds, and the placing of railroad bars used in this submarine work, involve complications for which few are at first competent, but they are given a training far better than that of any theoretical school. Their value is shown by the fact that the city occasionally loans them to the New York Central and other railroads to assist in the construction of bridges. Several have had European experience, and despite a seeming roughness, are men of considerable education.

Although there has been but a single fatality in all the years that divers have been employed by the city—one having been blown to pieces while working with a dynamite cartridge in the East River—nevertheless, neither these nor the workers on

wrecks can provide for the future in the customary manner, for they are absolutely barred by the life insurance companies. This is due entirely to the dangers to which they are exposed and not to the effect of the work upon their health. It is true that the majority attempting this labor at once find it impossible to continue, but those physically fitted for it live to a green old age and have a host of out-of-the-way true stories to tell their grandchildren. So timately and, in some instances, so exclusively is the work of these men associated with the saving of wrecks that any proper consideration of their adventurous lives must of necessity in-

The costume of the sea miner of to-day makes it practically impossible for him to steal any of the cargo of a wrecked ship while regularly engaged in his duties. He is a necessity, however, in an organized conspiracy to steal the ship or its cargo. Such a crime is heavily punished, while imprisonment for life is, in England, inflicted for any alteration or removal of lights, or injury to or concealment of buoys or other guides to navigation.

Neither the passengers on a wrecked vessel nor the officers, crew or divers regularly attached thereto, are entitled to any reward for their aid in saving it. Such aid it is



Pumping out a Wreck. On the Left the Diver's Air Pump.

volve a brief glance at the curious and extensive body of laws that has grown up around them. One singular legal fact is that, no matter how hopelessly wrecked, a wreck is not always wreck. Technically, a wreck consists only of a ship or its cargo cast in tidal waters upon shore. If still at sea the vessel is merely a derelict, although her passengers, tossing on a helpless raft, may have an opinion of their own regarding that point. Curious, too, is that distinction of the old English common law that goods washed ashore are lost, while if still at sea—only Heaven knows where!—they are not lost. Lost property becoming that of the king, this seeming absurdity protected goods from professional plunderers of wrecks.

their natural duty to render. Nor, unless the services are successful, is compensation due to divers or wreckers of any description who voluntarily go to the rescue. The contrary is the case if these efforts triumph, and hence salvage is the only instance in law where one may find himself in financial debt for services he has neither engaged nor requested. The usual compensation is in the neighborhood of one-half the total value of the ship or cargo saved, but unless a fixed sum is offered and accepted, the courts in England and in the United States determine the amount. This is based not alone upon the value of the property saved and the degree of danger to which it was exposed, but also upon the danger encountered by the

salvor, the risk to his own property, and the skill displayed and time and labor expended by the divers and others. There is no legal reward for the saving of life, yet the fundamental law of salvage is that every effort must be made to rescue all imperiled lives before the slightest attempt is made to save any property.

The work now accomplished by our divers and the beneficent effect of our laws regarding wrecks and salvage can only be appreciated by an acquaintance with the fact that they are the outcome of the depredations of those picturesque criminals, the old-time wreckers.

What developments is the future to bring in the work of these remarkable men, revolutionizers of our laws of wrecks and salvage, and themselves the evolution of the lawless wreckers of old? Will the time come when they will travel over the bottom of the ocean as freely as through the streets of New York? At present the diver descends with seemingly every conceivable aid and safeguard. He has a greatly improved dress, he carries, when the water permits, a powerful electric light, and even a tiny telephone may be placed within his helmet. These are marvels, yet they are not sufficient. Seemingly, man has reached the limit of depth at which he may explore the ocean's wonders. But efforts toward progress have not ceased. The primary need is for a diving suit that will, even at the greatest depth, remove the pressure of water while permitting the utmost freedom of movement. The first but not the second requirement is met by the latest device for deep-water work. It consists of a single piece for both head and body, and is made of copper—which is also used in the covering for the thighs—while the arms and legs are encased in metallic rings, in turn covered with a tough, waterproof material.

By use of a recently constructed cage the diver will be secure from the attacks of sharks. The cage is of steel, giving him ample room, and in it, attired in his regulation diving costume, he is lowered to his work, the lines from above reaching him through a hole at the top. He may engage in his labor by opening a door at the side or the bottom of the cage, or leave it when

necessary through the same openings. The electric light is serviceable only in the clearest water, and the men employed by New York's dock department are therefore obliged to work in utter darkness.

The use of the telephone, too, is in its infancy, but has lately been marvelously improved by American ingenuity. Often unnecessary, the instrument was a detriment when inseparably attached. By a new device, it may easily be removed. All the divers engaged on the same work may now be connected, and by merely speaking in an ordinary tone in their helmets talk freely to each other or to the surface. No mouth-piece is required, the helmet itself acting as a sounding bell; while on the surface no extra help is needed, the one man in charge having the instrument constantly attached to both mouth and ears while attending to his ordinary duty with the lines. All this adds immeasurably to both the comfort and safety of the diver, as well as to the rapidity of such work as the adjustment in sea walls of stones lowered by derricks.

By another recent invention the diver may make greater use of submarine boats. By means of this device he will open a door and step out on the bed of the ocean as unconcernedly as though issuing from his home for a summer stroll. At one end of the boat is a small compartment entered through a heavy steel door. In this room the air pressure is made to equal that of the water in which the boat is resting. This equality prevents the entrance of water when a door in the floor is raised and the diver steps out into the sea. He has need only of a short air tube; he works with the aid of the boat's searchlight, and no time is lost in ascent or descent. For tools, a resting-place and safety are close at hand. With the perfection of such a boat will come wonders in discovery, in the recovery of ships and treasure, and in the conduct of naval battles in which divers will be the warriors.

Invent a pressure-removing, current-resisting and freedom-giving dress, and a Golconda is yours. Add to it the ideal submarine boat and the miner of the sea will also be its master. The air alone will remain unthralled by man.